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The Transformation

By John Herman Wishar

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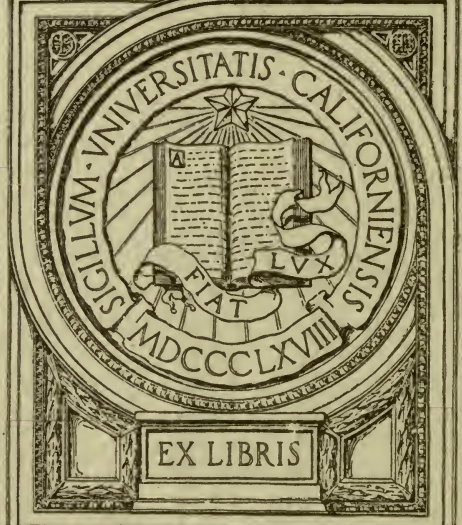

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"The Enlightenment of Divine Love."

THE TRANSFORMATION

By

JOHN HERMAN WISHAR

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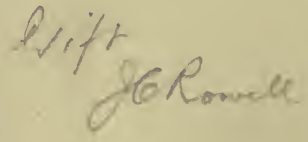

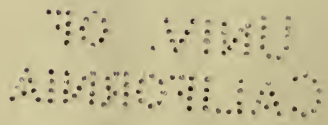

To
Mrs. Hester Fairchild
of
Oakland, California
One of the Best Beloved
Christian Science Practitioners
in California
This Book is Dedicated.

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Collision at Sea.

CHAPTER I.

CRIES from forward and a crashing, grinding shock which made the big steamship quiver from stem to stern, and threw sleeping passengers from their berths, told their own story of collision. For a few moments the ships clung together, locked in a deadly grip. The masts of the sailing vessel, which had struck the liner amidships, fell with a rending, tearing crash before the heavy seas tore the shattered hulls apart and the curtain of dense, impenetrable fog closed over the scene, hiding one section of the tragedy from the other.

A stream of partly-clad men, women and children poured from the salon; the companion-way vomiting forth a shrieking, terror-mad throng. Orders shouted by the officers were drowned in the frenzied cries of those striving to reach the boats. The fear of death was dominant and the souls of men reverted to the primal instinct of the preservation of life. The sailors deserted their posts and joined the frantic rush for the boats which dangled from their davits, and the crack of revolvers in the hands of the faithful officers as they vainly strove to stem the tide, added their quota to the unholy din.

Bentley leaned on the rail at the break of the hurricane deck in the dim dawn, watching the desperate struggle for life with a speculative air, the ghastly faces

and ghostly light rendering it more terrible. "How they cling to their lives!" he muttered. "Yet they've probably nothing in particular to live for; but at the thought of death and the unknown they turn into maniacs. I'll bet most of them are good church people, too! What a joke life is,—a puff, and it vanishes. It's funny!" His cynical laugh blended with the wild pandemonium from the deck below where the struggle had centered.

"Won't you help me, please?" came a small voice from behind him, which sounded clear and sweet despite a slight tremor in the tone. Bentley turned and gazed wonderingly at the little girl seated on the sill of a stateroom door, trying vainly to button her shoes. She was very pale, but eyed him calmly. She showed no emotion other than a slight nervousness at her inability to negotiate the refractory buttons, at a time which seemed to demand haste. In an instant Bentley was kneeling beside her, and the buttons were soon in their places.

"There now, that's all right," he said in a comforting way, rising and eyeing the child; "so don't be frightened and I'll have you in one of the boats in a minute."

The small figure straightened self-assertively, and the big blue eyes gazed into his calmly, but she did not answer. Bentley noticed that the child was hurriedly, but completely dressed, and had a satchel on her arm. He was wondering vaguely what mother could have deserted her little one in this hour of peril and impending death.

"It's the old law of self-preservation, an atavistic tendency in humanity that manifests itself when facing the inevitable," he thought, smiling at the child who was still regarding him with the calm scrutiny which characterized her. "Keep up your courage, and I'll soon fix things," he told her in a reassuring voice.

"I am not afraid now," she replied, her voice sounding unusually sweet in contrast with the din below. "I know that Divine Love is guarding me and that I am safe. But I am sorry for the poor drowning people who don't know of this help, and who don't know that there is no death." The child spoke so calmly, despite her pallor and slight nervousness, that Bentley gazed at her in wonder.

"Phew! what have I here?" he muttered. "No death, eh?" and his eyes turned to the tragic scene below. "You may be right, theoretically," he told her, "but we shall both probably experience all the unknown reality very shortly. There goes the last boat. Our chance to escape is gone."

He drew the little girl close to him with a protecting air, as if to guard her from the dangers that thickened about them, and led her to the break of the hurricane deck. Leaning on the rail they gazed down at the terrible ruin revealed on the lower deck, which was torn and shattered by the bow of the ship which had caused the wreck; littered with articles of clothing, things hastily snatched from staterooms by their frenzied owners, and dotted here and there with the bodies of those killed in the fight for the boats. On the bow two half-

clad Orientals, steerage passengers, rushed back and forth, and then in a frenzy of fear leaped overboard in a vain effort to overtake the last boat which was rapidly being swallowed up in the pallid fog. The noise stilled to a few shrill cries, coming from the boats or some poor wretch clinging to a bit of wreckage, but these finally ceased. The silence was broken only by the solemn sound of the water as it poured into the shattered hull with a dull booming note, like a ghostly requiem. The grey fog spread a soft blanket over all, blotting out many of the ghastly details, as if anxious to assist the sea in obliterating all traces of the tragedy. Bentley, with a throb of pity, turned to the child, but she was standing with eyes closed and he noticed that her lips were moving. "Praying, evidently," he thought. "Well, she'd better, for this dirge-like farce will soon be over and the waves will be chanting our funeral knell. What a joke life is!" he laughed cynically, but there was a look of peace on the little girl's face which caused a sense of wonder to creep into the man's hardened soul. He was brave with the masterful bravery of the strong, and smiled with the resignation of the stoic. He cared little for life and less for death; he believed in nothing save that the grave was certain and merely a fitting climax to the stale comedy called Life. But the sweet calm that rested on the child's face was something new to Bentley and puzzled him. His brain was strangely active, although not overwrought, and keenly alive to all sensations. So this was the end; his life's race was run, his work finished, and his grave was

to be at the bottom of the sea! He shrugged his shoulders and acquiesced in this fiat of inexorable Fate. He cared little one way or the other. In fact, he rather welcomed it, as Death might furnish a new sensation; something out of the ordinary, or else oblivion. He smiled grimly at the thought. But the idea that the child must die seemed unjust. To cut down such a pretty bud in its sweet unfolding impressed him as unfair, when many whose lives probably were worthless and useless had escaped in the boats. The heavy, wallowing roll of the shattered hull told Bentley that the vessel would keep afloat but a short time. The swish of the water was the only sound that broke the sombre silence; the man and the girl were the only living creatures on the wreck.

Bentley gazed around helplessly. The fog lifted slightly, and the first faint streaks of dawn trickled through the mist in a mellow glow. Suddenly he spied a small patent life-raft lashed on the top of the after wheel-house and his eyes sparkled with hope. "It's all right, kidlet," he cried, his heavy voice booming out through the silence; "I'll have that in the water in a jiffy."

He left her and climbed to the wheel-house. It was the work of but an instant to cut loose the raft and slide the tin cylinders with their light lattice work covering to the foot of one of the davits from which the falls still dangled; make a sling around the raft, hook it on, and tie the child on board.

"I knew you would find something," she said as

Bentley was making her secure, "for I was declaring the Truth for us both."

You're a wonderful little girl. Now sit here while I go below and see if I can get something for us to eat, for we may be on the raft for some time."

"You'll find everything we need," came the child's voice, and again her eyes closed and her lips moved silently. Bentley paused for an instant to gaze at the little girl in a puzzled manner, and then plunged down the half-lighted companion-way, now desolate and dismal, recently the scene of the mad rush for safety. All was a harrowing picture of devastation. Water swished back and forth with every roll of the vessel, carrying a medley of boxes, tables, chairs and odds and ends. With difficulty, Bentley made his way to the salon galley and lost no time in seizing and filling a hamper with canned meats and crackers. A small keg of water completed his load, and he hastened on deck as the roll of the doomed ship told him that her time was short. He hastily tied the food on the raft, snatched some blankets from a stateroom, hoisted the raft over the side, climbed on board it and lowered away. Watching a favorable moment when the ship rolled to starboard and a big sea swept upward, he cut the tackle and the raft rose and fell on the big combers. With the oars which were lashed to the raft, Bentley sculled farther from the sinking liner. "We'll have to get a good distance off," he told his little companion, "so that when the vessel goes down we won't get caught in the suction and follow her."

The steamer loomed dark and menacing through the fog in the dim light of dawn. Suddenly her stern rose higher; there was a muffled explosion as the forward bulkheads gave way; she seemed to stagger; gave a desperate roll and plunged downward, throwing spray high in the air and creating a huge wave which spread out in everwidening circles. The water rushed back in a small maelstrom.

"Goodbye to the Merving Hall!" said Bentley, a note of awe creeping into his metallic voice, "but cheer up, little one, for we are among the survivors."

"I'm sorry about Miss Creyton," said the child, wiping a tear from her eyes. "She was my governess. She didn't understand Truth, but she was God's child and I loved her. She got awfully excited when the collision woke us up. I was frightened myself at first, but I tried to remember and explain to her that Infinite Love was all-powerful and that we were safe; but she wrung her hands and cried, and ran from the cabin, and that was the last I saw of her. Poor Miss Creyton!"

Bentley was puzzled. "What do you mean," he questioned, "by 'the Truth' and 'Infinite Love,' and knowing that you were safe? You must be a very religious little lady."

"Why, I mean that God, Good, is all-powerful Don't you know that there is no evil in reality? Infinite Love is omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent; and nothing can harm those who understand this and claim this protection. That is what I did, after I got over my first scare, and then I found you, and you found the raft. It was kept for us. And then you

found the food and water, and we escaped from the ship in time. Isn't that a demonstration of the protection of Love?"

"Well, of all little preachers ever I heard, you're certainly the most original and the best," exclaimed Bentley with an amused but puzzled look. "Do you mean to tell me that you conquered your fear even before you knew that there was a chance of being saved?"

"When the shock threw me out of bed, I was afraid, but I repeated the Scientific Statement of Being and declared the Truth; and was not much afraid afterward because I knew that Love was guarding me," replied the little girl, with a quaint sincerity and maturity, combined with her childishness, that deeply touched Bentley.

"What's your name, child, and how old are you?" he asked.

"My name is Esther Doure, and I am twelve years old," she answered.

Bentley started at the name, and gazed at the child with a renewed interest and an odd expression.

"You don't look that old. You are small for your age. Have you an aunt named——; or, what is your aunt's name?" he asked.

"My auntie is Miss Camille Brontel, and next to my mama and papa I love her better than anyone else in the world. She went with papa and mama to Hong Kong. Do you know her?"

"Yes. Has your aunt got the same religion that you have?" he asked.

"Oh yes, she's a Scientist, and so is mama. That's

the reason that when they hear of the wreck, they will know that I am protected," answered the child.

"Scientist? 'Will know you are protected when they hear of the wreck!' What are you talking about, child?"

"I mean that we are Christian Scientists, and they know that I will be able to demonstrate my safety. You know I told you that Divine Love was guarding us."

The man gazed wonderingly at the small face peeping from the folds of the blanket which he had wrapped about her to keep off the spray and the wash through the slats of the raft, as well as the chilly air.

"Religious fanatic she may be, but she's an original one, and has shown wonderful nerve," thought Bentley, "but this explains Camille, if she has the same kind of peculiar belief."

"By the way," he asked the child, "what were you doing when you were standing on deck with your eyes closed and your lips moving? Praying?"

"I was claiming the help of Divine Love. You see the demonstration was made. Don't you understand?"

"Do I understand how my eye happened to light on this raft and how it had been overlooked by that frightened crowd of people? Why, yes. It was Luck, just Luck. And it was the same way when I went after the food. I was lucky. I fail to see any Divine Providence in that," and Bentley laughed his old cynical laugh, and laughed again at the thought that he of all men should be sitting on a raft in the Pacific Ocean, discussing religion with a child. He turned to her and

paused in amazement, the question he was about to ask losing itself in his wonder at the sight, for she was carefully combing the hair of a rather dilapidated looking doll which she had taken from the small satchel. Her face was pale, but peaceful. She smiled at him, then clasping the doll to her heart, she closed her eyes and was soon asleep. Bentley watched her with a puzzled air. "There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," he murmured.

Doure's Hong Kong Home.

CHAPTER II.

NEWSPAPERS all over the world issued startling extras when a wireless message was received from the liner City of Paris telling of the rescue of one boatload of people, apparently the sole survivors of the Merving Hall, sunk in collision with an unknown vessel, which had also foundered. The list of saved was pitifully small, and no woman or child was among them. Although the City of Paris had cruised for a day in the vicinity of the spot where the Merving Hall had gone down, nothing was seen. The ocean had obliterated all signs of the tragedy, so the rescuing ship fled away for San Francisco at a twenty-knot gait bearing the small remnant of the passengers and crew of the ill-fated liner, and sending by wireless the details of the awful story as told by the survivors.

Herbert Doure, with trembling hands, held the paper to his wife, where in big, black type was the tidings of the loss of the Merving Hall. They were in their Hong Kong home, where Doure's railroad interests had called him, and the breakfast viands still covered the cheerful table.

"My God! Annie, read that," he exclaimed. The Merving Hall sunk in a collision and only eighteen men saved! That means our Esther is drowned. Uncle Ned cabled when he waved them farewell. Oh! It was farewell forever!" and Doure groaned in grief.

The mother's face paled to sick whiteness, and tremblingly she glanced over the short bulletins in sombre type which told of the disaster in terse sentences, giving the pitifully small list of names of those rescued. She bowed her head for an instant in seemingly unutterable woe, but the next moment looked up at her husband.

"Herbert," she said, "look beyond this material law. Esther is safe. She is God's child and no harm can befall her. She will be returned to us safely, for spiritual law cannot be annulled."

Doure regarded his wife in amazement, half fearing that the shock had affected her mind, but the next moment a look of anger swept over his grief-stricken face. "Oh, damn," broke from his lips, "some more of your religious fads! Christian Science, isn't it? Well, if you can get any consolation out of such things for Heaven's sake take it and make the most of it. Poor, dear little Esther!" and the lines of yearning love cut deep furrows in the father's face.

At that instant the door was hastily opened and a slender, graceful young lady entered, and kneeling by the side of the white-faced mother, placed her arms closely about her and said:

"Darling sister, I just heard the terrible news from our friends and rode over at once. I wept at first, then knew it was mortal fear, and rose about it. Now is the time for our Proof. 'Though ten thousand fall, yet it shall not come nigh thee.' We have got to demonstrate over these dangers of sense and KNOW that our precious Esther is safe."

"His promise is that the waters shall not overflow nor the flames kindle upon us," brokenly murmured Mrs. Doure, while the younger woman's face glowed with the radiant reverence of perfect understanding of the Power and Principle of Life.

"You two would drive one distracted with your senseless protests and declarations and assurances about some unseen protecting power," and Doure walked the floor in an agony of despair. "The fact remains, despite all your incomprehensible talk, that our little darling has met a frightful death, drowned amid the untold horrors of that terrible wreck." With a stifled sob he sat down, crossing his arms on the table and buried his face in them.

Mrs. Doure went to her husband and tenderly put an arm around his neck, while she leaned over, patting his head and softly manifesting her love and sympathy in this their hour of earthly anguish.

Camille, the beautiful sister, regarded them with compassionate affection, and then spoke as though inspired: "Herbert, dear brother, listen to the voice of Truth. In this seeming darkness and error turn from the false to the true. God created this world in Love; wrath and danger are not of his creating and he is All."

Doure lifted his grief-stricken face and gazed at his wife and then at her sister. Though pale, they were showing a courage and faith that stilled the tempest of his emotion. "Do you really believe that some miracle has been wrought and that Esther has been saved?" he inquired, his voice trembling as he spoke, his mind eager

to grasp at any slight shred of hope that his child had been spared.

"Dear," his wife gently said, "we are demonstrating Christian Science; proving through understanding that the spiritual law of Love has power over material evils. Young as Esther is she has a clear sense of God as Love and the only Power, so when the awful collision came she would KNOW that Divine Love was present and that it would open the way for her preservation. Little children often grasp the scientific facts of being and prove Omnipotent Truth in a marvelous manner. The 'still small voice that yet is louder than a roaring lion' to those willing to listen assures me that Esther has been divinely cared for, and through her unclouded understanding that 'God is ever present help' others may also have been preserved from peril."

"Then," said Doure, "if such sublime faith has any foundation in fact and it proves that our dear little one is alive and will be superhumanly brought back to us, I will scoff no more, but will devote my life to finding this Science of Being, as you call it, which is now upholding you both, for I know your hearts must be torn with anguish, as well as my own."

Seating herself by her husband's side and motioning Camille to take a chair, Mrs. Doure said in low, reverent tones: "Let us ask for help; for the clearer understanding that 'Divine Love always has met, and always will meet every human need.' Mrs. Eddy says to enter into the heart of prayer, the door of the erring sense must be closed; lips must be mute and materialism silent, that

man may have audience with Spirit, the Divine Principle, which destroys all error.'' She closed her eyes, and remained silent, as did Camille.

Doure felt an unwonted peace and confidence as he sat in the midst of this sacred, secret communion or ''treatment'' which his wife and her sister thus entered upon. Soon his confusion was stilled, the wild pictures that had been madly tormenting him with their horrors vanished, and a feeling of rest and strength gave him gentle happiness. After about a quarter of an hour of this stillness, their eyes opened and his wife solemnly said: ''The demonstration is made and we have only to wait for its manifestation.''

''How can you make such a statement?'' he doubtingly inquired. ''Does it mean that you actually have some proof that Esther is alive and cared for?''

His wife reached over and lovingly laid her hand upon his and replied: ''We know Truth to be the only power, and we feel that Esther claimed that protection, and that Love is guarding her.''

''It is all black night and chaos to my understanding,'' said Herbert, ''but in some way you inspire me with comfort and I feel less dejected, although I cannot understand how you cherish the hope that Esther was saved when the dispatches state that only one boatload of people survived and that there was not a woman or child among them. The ship went down so rapidly that probably Esther was drowned in her stateroom.''

''Listen, Herbert,'' said Camille, sweetness and sympathy radiating from voice and glance. ''We are not

trying to cherish false hopes; we are fighting dark visions and are depending on the promises made by Christ that in times of trouble we should call on him and that he would be an ever-living shield and buckler, Esther, although only a child, has been taught the true interpretation of Christ's words, and she understands how, in the hour of danger, to claim the aid and protection that is ever present, and to look beyond seeming destruction. Mrs. Eddy has revealed to us the true meaning of Christ's teachings and has placed within our hands the means of overcoming all sin, sorrow, sickness and unhappiness. Our duty is to realize the right and thus overcome the claim of sorrow. It is only the lack of Spiritual understanding that makes this vague and difficult. When once you understand the Principle of Life; when you learn that man is the image and the likeness of God, Good, and that error has no power when Infinite Love is called on for aid, then you will know what we mean when we say that Esther is safe in this Love, and will be returned to us through the demonstration of Love as the only Power."

Doure endeavored to grasp this explanation of a Science beyond his present understanding, reaching out in his mental darkness for any ray of hope, something upon which to pin a shred of faith that his idolized child was still alive, snatched from a violent death; but the keen brain of the business man was untrained in matters not relating to material affairs, and he shook his head despondently.

"I fail to grasp your meaning," he finally said as he

restlessly paced the floor, "although there may be something in your faith that is beyond my comprehension. The idea that Esther could have escaped when hundreds of others went to their death is beyond human conception. Besides, the steamer which rescued the survivors cruised around the spot for a day, and there was not even a bit of wreckage to show where the collision occurred. Do not forget that the days of miracles have passed, if they ever existed outside the imagination of a few fanatics."

"One minute, dear Herbert," answered Camille, her countenance sublime with the light of faith, "do not forget that if it were not for Christian Science Annie here would not be alive to-day. You know that both the European and American physicians had given her up and that she was sent home to die, when Divine Love, with its merciful healing, restored her to health by freeing her from that false belief. Through her understanding I, too, was lead to Truth."

"Yes, yes," answered Doure impatiently, "I know that you attribute Annie's recovery to Christian Science, but the physicians declared that it was the beneficial effects of the Roentgen rays making themselves felt later than was expected. In fact, Dr. Weidmuller emphatically stated this to be the real explanation of her remarkable cure."

"He did at that time, but how long since have you heard from Dr. Weidmuller?" asked Camille.

"I do not remember exactly, but it must be some four or five years."

"Then you do not know that Dr. Weidmuller was himself healed by Infinite Mind, and that he abandoned his materia medica and is now a Christian Science practitioner in Berlin?"

The amazement on Doure's face brought a brightening smile to the lips of his wife and her sister.

"Inconceivable," he replied, "I beg to decidedly differ with this peculiar statement, and deem you have been wrongly informed. Dr. Weidmuller was one of the foremost surgeons in Germany. He's not going to abandon such professional distinction for some religious fad. The man is too famous, too brilliant, too intelligent to do a thing like that."

"Nevertheless, such is the true case. Dr. Weidmuller seemed to become the victim of the claim of cancer, and after several operations resigned himself to what he deemed inevitable death. He knew the torturing progress of the disease, and could calculate with reasonable accuracy how long a term he had to live, when it was determined that the last operation was a failure. At that dark hour a friend brought him Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures by Mary Baker Eddy, assuring him that the study of its truth would heal him. Knowing there was no earthly help, he was receptive to the Spiritual thought and the error was cast out. For years he had striven earnestly and conscientiously to heal the sick through material remedies, but he came to realize that he had been combatting error with error, ignorant of the Truth of Life. The light of Divine Intelligence came to him, lying there on his

seeming death-bed, and he realized that matter had no life, that Mind is All, and that mortal belief alone occasions disease and death. He came to understand that Divine Mind had made man in His own image, and that man is harmonious and eternal, just as is this Infinite Power which created him. He learned that this mortal mind which claims to govern every organ of the mortal body is a myth and is not to be trusted, and that Immortal Mind saves Mortal Mind from its delusions.

"When he had come to understand these Eternal Truths, the error which had gripped him vanished, and the European surgeons marveled at the cure. Perforce they attributed it to the last operation, but Dr. Weidmuller, the most noted surgeon of them all, knew better. The result was that he abandoned his medical practice and devoted himself to metaphysical study. So, if a man such as he can investigate the Science and gain understanding, there is no reason why you should not at least study it a little, and determine for your own satisfaction whether it is founded on Truth or is merely a 'religious fad' as you call it."

"To say the least, Weidmuller's case astounds me,—leads me into different lines of thought," answered Doure. "As to reading Science and Health, well, I have tried to read a little of it, but I can't make head nor tail out of it. The language is grand, but so far as a principle is involved it seems to me to be a jumble of meaningless, impossible theories. But what has it all to do with poor little Esther?"

"It has this to do, Herbert," answered his wife, "it

shows that the Power of Love can accomplish what you call a miracle, as is illustrated in the case of Dr. Weidmuller, and in my own case, and in thousands of others. Now, if these miracles or divinely natural manifestations of Love can be performed on land, why can they not be made manifest at sea as well? God is everywhere and Divine Good is protecting our little girl. If I were not sure of this truth do you think I could be sitting here calmly discussing this seeming evil? I know that Esther is safe, and we will hold and cling to the right thought so that she will be returned to us as soon as Love opens the way. 'Patience must have her perfect work'."

"Look here, Annie," said Doure, "if you honestly believe there is a chance of Esther being alive; of having been saved on some plank or floating bit of wreckage, why, I'll get Phil Worden's big steam yacht and we'll cruise off to the vicinity of where the wreck is reported to have occurred. The details of latitude and longitude are given by the survivors. Sometimes a woman's intuition is better than a man's reasoning. It gives hope, at least."

"It is not intuition, Herbert, it is knowledge of Divine Love. Yes, I shall be glad to start, and I feel that Truth will lead us to happiness and success in our Mission."

"Very well, I will make arrangements at once as I am impatient to attempt some definite act, and if what you believe has any foundation in fact, every hour may be of value."

When Doure, in nervous haste, had left the house, first tenderly kissing his wife and bidding her be of good cheer, and the sisters were left alone, Mrs. Doure said: "Let us go to my room, Camille, as we must be alone to work against this seeming trouble."

Once in her room, Mrs. Doure picked up the little leather-bound volume which pointed to the One Source, and she read out loud without noticing that her sister remained standing with her head bent. As Mrs. Doure looked up from her reading, Camille, with a sob, dropped to her knees and buried her face in her sister's lap in a passion of grief.

"Camille! what is it?" came in shocked tones from Mrs. Doure. "How can you yield to the darkness of sense after the explanation of Love you gave to Herbert? Don't you really believe that Esther is safe?"

"I have no fear for Esther," sobbed the younger woman, "but, Annie, there was some one else on the Merving Hall; some one who did not know that he was God's child; some one whose generous nature and brilliant mind had been warped by the errors in which he lived; some one who was secretly dear to me, and it is for him that I fear."

"My poor darling! It was ——?"

"Tommy Bentley," came the broken whisper.

Adrift on the Raft.

CHAPTER III.

THE raft rose and fell on the long Pacific rollers which swept onward with an easy regularity. The motion was gentle and soothing, as the frail craft would sink into the gully between two of the small mountains of water, only to be lifted the next moment and poised for an instant on the crest of the succeeding swell. Bentley lay on his back smoking, with the child nestled in the hollow of his arm. The deep blue vault of the sky was studded with stars which burned with a brilliancy found nowhere save in the tropics. The rim of the great moon peeped above the horizon, flooding the sea with a mellow light as the golden disk rose higher from out of the ocean's depths, dimming the brilliancy of the constellations.

"What a joke it does seem!" murmured Bentley, talking to himself in a half audible tone. "What would my old friends say if they could see me now, drifting around on a raft with a few days food, a keg of water, and a little child. What a story this would make! Some of those boats are sure to be picked up. I wonder what kind of a yarn they'll tell. It was the wild scramble which caused the loss of life; the exercise of coolness and judgment would have saved probably most of those on board. Human nature is indeed strange."

He paused in his soliloquy as a pair of little arms slipped around his neck, and the golden head cuddled closer. She was sleeping peacefully, a smile lighting up the childish features. Something in the confiding, unconsciously loving action touched a chord in the man's nature that had not vibrated since his own childhood, and the cynical look softened. He was experiencing a new emotion. Some remnant of his earlier faith in mankind stirred within him, and he vaguely wondered at the change. Bentley was old with the weight of knowledge of the world, although still in his prime. Life for him had been a battle ground on which the strong lived and the weak fell. There was no quarter asked nor given. He was equipped with a cultured mind and no conscience. He was satirical, brilliant and relentless, believing in nothing save that death was certain and that oblivion was the end of all. His nature was summed up by himself in the single phrase, "What a joke life is!"

During his many years of newspaper work, Bentley had seen life pass before him like a great kaleidoscope, and had laughed at it all; laughed his cynical laugh and had gone on his strange, careless way. The reports of crime, scandals, tragedies, births, deaths and marriages, together with the other details of the world's happenings which nightly passed through his hands when in the office of the great metropolitan newspaper, caused him much silent mirth; sometimes so humorous would the inferior standards of human nature seem to him that he would lay back in his chair and chuckle aloud to re-

lieve his profund disgust. It was all a joke, and one of poor calibre.

As the years passed his nature hardened. All humanity appeared the same to him. The tales of wrong-doing, many involving the highest names, and many which never saw light in print through moneyed or influential suppression, had almost ceased to even amuse him. It was merely part of life as he knew it; it was what he expected, and he ceased to look for anything higher. It was only after he met Camille Brontel that some glimmer of another side of life made itself felt. She was beautiful and appealed to his sense of the artistic; and she was bright, which pleased him, as his keen mind liked a worthy and congenial antagonist in argument, or an intelligent listener. Although he was a polished man of the world, something of his strange views of life unconsciously communicated themselves to the girl and her pure nature recoiled from the sheer materiality of the man's though. When she refused his offer of marriage, Bentley philosophically shrugged his shoulders, concealing his heart-ache, and returned to his Bohemian friends; drinking hard, yet always retaining his brilliant faculties and laughing cynically when the others yielded to the insidious spell of the alcohol; entering into the fervid recreation of Bohemia where he was one of the gay moving spirits, where his recklessness, cynicism and good-fellowship had caused the members of this charmed circle to both love and fear him. Among the wildest he was a leader; and no revel was

complete without Bentley's cynical smile and caustic tongue.

But Bentley was lonesome—unsatisfied. Even at the height of some mad revel, he would pause with glass and cigarette poised, and pictures of an infinitely different life would form before his mental eye. He would see a home, with a sweet wife and loving children gathered before the bright grate fire. The picture would grow in detail and the hardness and the bitterness of life would fade away, but the noise of the revel would bring him back from those sweet dreams to the present, and he would seek to drown the ideal pictures in the mockery of worldly joy. It was at such times that Bentley was dangerous in his mood. A lust for excitement, a wild desire to wreak vengeance on the grinning men and women who surrounded him with their bestial influence, was concealed under his mask-like face and sardonic glance. Only an additional twist to the cynical smile and a keener edge to his satire indicated the volcano of distaste raging within his bitter consciousness.

It was only this mad play of pretense and his work that kept him from ending the mortal farce by seeking a suicide's grave. Bentley had pride in his work on the big newspaper. In a little world of his own he wrote pretty stories and idyls and romances that were never profaned by any eye save his own. Had any of the Bohemian set seen one of the dainty webs of fancy spun in his solitary hour, they would have doubted that Bentley, the cynic, could have been capable of the

finer, higher thoughts expressed. It was part of Bentley's joke that such should be the estimation of his boon companions, for in his heart he despised them all for their lack of moral principle, and secretly laughed at them while ashamed of his own downward tendencies. It was only while in the quiet of his own rooms, which were beautiful with gems of art and a rare library, showing the innate culture of the man, after his absorbing work was over, that the feeling of utter lonliness would steal over Bentley and drive him to pace the floor for hours, as he wondered what this accusing, reproachful thought could be that thus strove with him and would not be silenced. He knew where his usual companions awaited him, but he dimly realized that it was not the companionship that his starving soul sought. And so he lived his life, laughing outwardly, yet concealing a bitter, suffering heart.

When his paper selected him for its representative in the Orient, Bentley packed his trunk with an indifferent heart. He cared not that he was the envy of many other keen and brilliant writers. He had been in the Orient before and knew the conditions of life there as he knew the conditions of life in America, from New York to San Francisco—it was all the same to him, like a twice-told tale. So he had taken passage on the Merving Hall with an indifferent heart. He had been standing on the deck in the early morning when the collision occurred, but had experienced no thrill. With his usual carelessness he had shrugged his shoulders at the thought that death was approaching, and had watched

the struggling mass, terrifically fighting for earthly calvation, with a calm stoicism, more as though he was a spectator at a drama. At that supreme hour his good angel brought him in contact with the little girl, whose odd philosophy had awakened emotions in him which he thought were long since dead, and over which he was now pondering as he gazed at the glory of the solemn night.

"And so I have Camille Brontel's niece with me!" he mused. "Verily, wonders are past finding out. What would she say if she could see us drifting alone upon this tropical sea—perhaps the sole survivors of all those on board the ill-fated steamer; for it's possible that none of those overcrowded boats will be picked up. Perhaps Camille would feel that destiny was cruel to place this innocent little child in my care. But no, I wrong her. She would know that purity has power to soften even the hardest natures. I have a softer heart than the average so-called good Christian, —on that I'll gamble. Christians? bah! They're all alike—all hypocrites, with their creeds and doctrines and sects and intolerance. But I'll get this child ashore and back to her parents if it is possible!"

Bentley gently soothed the golden curls from off the placid brow, and acting on an impulse that was strange to him, bent and kissed the soft little cheek and drew a fold of the blanket more closely over her head to keep off the fresh night air, that seemed to be whispering messages of hope and peace.

Bentley then became practical, trying to calculate their chances of rescue, but after pondering over the problem he was forced to reluctantly admit that the possibilities of their being discovered and saved were dishearteningly remote. He judged that the Ladrone Islands lay somewhere to the south, but this was an almost impossible journey on their little raft; and he realized that their chances of being picked up were extremely slight at best. Their lives seemed to hang by a slender thread. "And yet," thought Bentley, "luck has been with us so far, so why should it not continue?" He glanced again at the child and saw that the big blue eyes were open, still drowsy with soft sleep, yet regarding him with an odd, pensive expression.

"What's the matter, kidlet? Did I wake you up talking to myself? Well, don't let that bother you. Just tuck your head back under the covers and go to sleep again like the good little girl that you are."

"I'm not sleepy now, thank you," she answered. "O-o-o, how bright the moon is! I never saw it so before. Why, it gives almost enough light to read by. You look sad. Shall I read to you a little? That's what mama liked me to do when she felt some error trying to fasten on her."

"Of course I'd like to have you read to me, but, unfortunately, the library of this good ship consists of my pocket note-book, and there is nothing in that of interest to you."

"Oh!" cried the child, "I have my Bible tnd Science and Health. I wouldn't have left them for anything."

From the satchel which contained the doll, Esther drew out two books, small leather-covered volumes.

"So, Christian Scientists also read the Bible, do they?" Bentley asked. "I thought this woman, Mrs. Eddy, had written a Bible for them."

"Science and Health is only a spiritual explanation of the Bible," gravely responded the child. "The Bible is what we always read, but there are lots of passages in the Bible that are awfully hard to understand unless you have a guide, and this is what Science and Health is. My mama says Mrs. Eddy was selected by God to be a prophet; that is, a channel through which Divine Love could speak. We learn in Sunday School that Jesus' mission was to show that Harmony is God's law, and that inharmony is error, and all sickness, unhappiness and death are errors. But you know that the lessons taught by Jesus were lost for ever so many hundreds of years, or, until Mrs. Eddy rediscovered their real meaning, so we read the Bible and Science and Health together."

"And do you really believe that your religion can help us way out here on the ocean?"

"Of course. God is everywhere, and no harm can befall us. Isn't it lovely to feel we are cared for?"

"But, Esther, how do I know that all this is the truth? It is easy enough to say that God is everywhere, but the fact remains that we will soon be very hungry, and how will all this feed us or get us off this raft?"

"You know Christian Science by its demonstrations and they are always good. Weren't we saved from the

sinking ship by Love? And we will be saved from this raft. God is here with us. I used to hear mama say that harmony is Principle, and it isn't Principle or Harmony to be where one is uncomfortable or unhappy, or lonely or away from our friends; therefore, Truth will place us elsewhere, and will give us all we need. You know that when the ship was wrecked and my governess left me I had to handle the thought of fear. I had to realize that God, Good, was taking care of me and was protecting me, and that no harm could befall me, and then I got dressed, took my satchel and went out and saw you, and you buttoned my shoes and were just as loving to me as though you were my papa."

Bentley was silent for a few moments, eyeing the child with a puzzled and speculative air.

"I gather, Esther, from what you say that you don't believe people should be poor or unhappy; am I right?"

"There is no truth in want," she replied; "Divine Mind is the source of all supply."

"And do you think that all the poverty and suffering in the big cities can be alleviated by the 'One Source,' as you call it?"

"There is no poverty or suffering in reality, for Infinite Mind is plenty," answered Esther.

"No poverty or suffering! Well, of course you are too young to understand, but, child, there is such misery in every big city that even those accustomed to see it daily and hear the pitiful tales will occasionally shudder at the spectacle."

"It is only seeming want; God's child cannot want for anything that is needed."

"And does this theory of yours apply likewise to sickness?"

"Why certainly, because people couldn't really be happy if they were sick, and God could not be very good if he would send sickness, like some people believe. But these things are only errors, and when you learn how to demonstrate over them, why, they just disdisappear, and you're happy all the time." She smiled at him, watching him in her quaint, childish manner, as if half expecting him to agree instantly with what to her was such a self-evident proposition. Bentley shook his head doubtingly, but he was strangely thrilled by the child's melodious voice, and he marveled at her language and the mature thought exhibited.

"How did you learn all this at your age?" he questioned.

"We must attend Sunday School until we are twenty-one years old, and we study Science and Health with the Bible. The lessons are all arranged for us. Then we learn to use this Intelligence and Love in our daily lives."

Esther lay back and gazed at the golden splendor of the moon, and Bentley unconsciously bowed his head as he heard her murmur:

"Divine Love, comfort mama and papa."

Dr. Wellingford's Aid.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. DOURE and her sister sat in the pretty foreign-looking parlor of their Hong Kong home, reclining in the rich, inlaid ebony chairs for which the Orient is noted. Specimens of the wonderful Chinese embroidery and tapestry covered the walls, together with the quaint specimens of Oriental art with its odd lack of perspective. In sharp contrast was a large picture, "Truth's Victory Over Error," adorning one side of the room, and the eyes of the ladies rested upon it.

Since the "passing" of their parents Camille had made her home with Mrs. Doure, and they were most devoted, while Herbert Doure regarded the young woman with the tenderness of a brother for a dear sister.

When the syndicate was formed to build the railway in China, Doure became a heavy stockholder and was commissioned to start for the Orient and take charge of the negotiations for the necessary concessions from the Imperial government. They both knew it would necessitate a lengthy stay in the Orient, and Camille herself was wrestling with a human problem. She loved Thomas Bentley—loved the winning, fascinating, brilliant man of the world; but his strange views of life repelled her, and she would not ally herself to

him by marriage while there was so vast a gulf between their souls. Secretly she had hoped that some unforeseen chance would bring about the transformation in his nature that she longed for, but until that time arrived life together would be impossible. He had pleaded with her, but she had remained firm, and when her sister and brother-in-law left for China she accompanied them, but with an undercurrent of sadness running through the melody of her life. It had been decided to leave Esther with Mrs. Doure's uncle and aunt in their pleasant Oakland home until they could become settled in their new quarters in the Chinese city. Six months had passed and according to instructions from Mr. Doure, Uncle Ned had placed Esther and her governess on board the Merving Hall and now the ill-fated steamer, with its throng of tourists, and scores of returning Chinese, was lost, and the world was shocked at the tragedy.

It was now late in the afternoon of the second day since the dreadful tidings had been received. Friendly hearts, of all nationalities then dwelling in Hong Kong, had been in and out of the bereaved home with gentle sympathy and offers of kindness; for the brotherhood of man is manifest when sorrow touches any of the great human family. Mrs. Doure and Camille were both pale and worn, but were upheld by Ever-present Love. Now, just before the dinner hour, they were awaiting Herbert's return. Mrs. Doure was reading from Science and Health.

"Camille," she said, "what more of comfort do you

want than the first line of the preface, 'To those leaning on the sustaining Infinite, to-day is big with blessing'?"

She closed her eyes in the communion that gives rest to all. Suddenly she arose, saying:

"Herbert is coming; I hear his step," and went to meet him.

Camille, with a look of peace supplanting the one of worry, arose to welcome the good husband and brother. Herbert fondly kissed his wife and looked at Camille with brotherly affection.

"I have no news for you," he said, "no further accounts; just the reiterated bulletins that only one boatload of men was picked up. Now, how do you stand regarding your faith in Christian Science's protection and salvation?"

"The proof will come," replied Mrs. Doure, "I feel certain that Esther is alive. But come and rest. You look worn out. Dinner will be ready soon."

"Lie down here on this lounge, brother Herbert," said Camille, "I am going to my room for a little study."

As Camille went out Herbert sat down wearily, remarking:

"Yes, Annie dear, I feel fagged out, mentally and physically. Calamities never seem to come singly, but in droves. There is a hitch in the negotiations over the contract for the Hangkow road, and the government may refuse to sign the agreement. This will block the operations for the company and disappoint me of an

amount close to half a million dollars; then, with the failure of the Berlin deal, in which I was induced to invest, I'm practically driven to the wall. It is a discouraging outlook." He smoked disconsolately, then continued:

"And to add the full quota of misery, my neuralgia is coming back with renewed severity; but I would care little about all these trials if we only had Esther, or confirmation that she is saved."

His wife seated herself beside him, and smothered his hair with a caressing touch.

"Do not worry, Herbert," she said. "The darkest night has a golden dawn, and I feel certain that the right will prevail and all these difficulties be smoothed away. Those who claim the help of Omnipotent Love cannot suffer or want for anything; but we must do our part and claim the right. If it is best that the government accept the contract, you will surely be notified that the officials have reconsidered the matter and have agreed to your terms. None can stay Omnipotent Truth."

"How you talk, Annie—just like a woman!" Herbert irritably replied. "Of course it is best for the government to accept this contract. The road is really a necessity. It means the development of a great section of rich territory, and the modernizing of a district in which the customs of a thousand years ago are still in vogue. The line will be of untold value to the government if it is built; and if not, it will mean practically bankruptcy for me, as I have risked nearly all

our means in this venture, because I realized the possibilities of the road and was assured that there would be no hitch in the negotiations. The trouble is that the officials over here are skeptical and jealous of American advancement, and I suppose that I may have to resort to the usual methods to carry the matter through the foreign office, if it isn't too late even now to manipulate the affair. Even so, it may eat up half the profits which I had counted on."

"What do you mean, Herbert—bribery?" asked his wife in a shocked tone.

"Well, it is not customary to use such a harsh term. The officials merely demand an enormous fee, and troublesome restrictions for their influential services, and if this is not forthcoming we get no contract. That is the provoking situation in a nutshell. Heretofore I have always avoided doubtful business methods, but I suppose I shall have to resort to intrigue, misrepresentation, and graft of every kind to secure consent from the imperial government. I must do it in self-protection. Otherwise, I will go to the wall, and 'charity begins at home.' The world has reached a stage where one has to lower his standard of honor in order to succeed in any business venture."

"Oh, Herbert, don't say that," rejoined Mrs. Doure, "for it is not true. Honor and Truth are all powerful. Although they may seem to be trodden underfoot, yet they spring to the surface triumphant and bring their own reward."

"Old-fashioned talk, my dear! Look at many shining

examples of modern bankers and financiers. Many are shamefully dishonest; but they steal legally, as it were, sheltered by their own power of wealth and the influence they can bring to bear on that elastic fabric known as the law."

Mrs. Doure shook her head in dissent.

"Remember, dear," she rejoined, "that 'nothing is real and eternal but God and his idea.' Evil has no reality. It is neither person, place nor thing. It is simply a belief, a wicked illusion of the material senses. The triumphs of these men you describe are only seeming triumphs, and they bring misery and despair in place of peace and joy. The Bible says: 'Ask and it shall be given unto you,' so let us ask the aid of Divine Love and trust in His almighty power, who alone is Intelligence."

"Nonsense! A business man nowadays can trust in nothing save his own ability to do the other fellow before he himself is done, to use a colloquialism. If a man has this ability he will make a success of business and reap millions, possibly, as a result of his unscrupulousness, otherwise he will soon become a bankrupt and some one else will gather in the golden harvest. But do not let us argue over this subject in my present condition. Theories are very well for those who do not come in contact with real life. Why, the credulity of the average person is pitiful. I could announce myself as the reincarnation of one of the apostles and if I kept at it I would in time acquire a following, and

there would be many who believed in me. Bah, it's the same old story!"

Doure rose and paced the floor restlessly, his hand rubbing his brow in which the neuralgic pains had caused deep lines to appear. Occasionally he would pause to apply a lotion prescribed by a physician, but he secured no relief.

Mrs. Doure watched him as he paced to and fro.

"Now is a good time, Herbert," she finally said, "to prove whether or not Christian Science is a fad or a theory. You are getting no relief from the medicine you are using, and I can see that you are suffering. Let me try to help you. If you are willing to let me read to you awhile, or are willing to have me demonstrate over these dark beliefs, I think I can be the channel for Love to aid you. Will you let me try?"

"What do you want to do?"

"Merely to sit beside you and ask for your freedom from the mortal sense. A Christian Scientist's medicine is Mind, the Divine Truth that makes man free."

"Yes, yes," he said impatiently, "Go ahead and do what you will, for this pain is intolerable."

He seated himself, head in hands, on a low couch, while his wife read aloud from her little leather-covered book, and then remained quiet. In a short time Doure stretched himself at full length upon the lounge, and as the minutes went by, his breathing became more regular, and at the end of half an hour he was sleeping peacefully; "pain had vanished to its native nothingness." Mrs. Doure quietly spread a slumber robe over

the recumbent form, and went to the bed room where her sister was reading.

"Camille, I believe that in time we will bring Herbert to see the Truth," she said, seating herself by the side of the younger woman. She then told of the neuralgia and the demonstration that had just been made.

"But we have a number of momentous problems to handle," she continued. "The first is to gain definite news of our precious Esther; the second is to find peace for you, and to adjust Herbert's complicated financial affairs, which, coming at this time of sorrow, threaten to overwhelm him entirely. It is a question in my mind as to whether our knowledge of Science is sufficiently clear to handle these great undertakings. I feel we need some one to help us who has a higher understanding than we have gained."

"Why not send for Dr. Wellingford?" answered Camille. "He has a high understanding of Truth. You know his own wonderful healing saved him from the leper colony."

"Yes, it would be a great comfort to have him now, for the error clouds seem very dark. Will you telephone and ask if he can come?"

Doure had awakened, refreshed and free from pain, when Dr. Wellingford arrived. He was a tall, impressive appearing man, whose strong, kindly, clear-complexioned face was surrmounted with a mass of wavy, snow-white hair. The gentle expression in the clear eyes softened lines in the face caused by former suffering. His figure was still straight, and there was a spring

to his step and a suggestion of perfect health and activity that appeared incongruous in connection with his white hair. Mrs. Doure and Camille welcomed him, and the three seated themselves on the porch of the pretty home, nestling in the heart of the European quarter, and perched on the hill overlooking the busy city and harbor dotted with ships of all nations, where the quaint Chinese fishing boats dodged in and out among the great vessels. Dr. Wellingford gazed out over the wonderful picture, while thoughtfully listening as Mrs. Doure briefly detailed the problems of seeming sorrow and business that false beliefs had now drawn around their lives. There was a force to his personality that seemed to radiate from him and lend strength to the anxious hearts now asking for help. He nodded understandingly during Mrs. Doure's recital, and when she ceased speaking he smiled encouragingly.

"Understand the Truth and claim its aid, and every error will vanish into its native nothingness," he said. "After my own healing I went to America and had the privilege of class instruction in Boston, which gave me a higher understanding. I will be glad to assist you."

As dinner was then announced, they postponed the treatment until a time of quiet and leisure. Mr. Doure appeared at the door, and, seeing the guest, cordially welcomed him.

"Well, well, Dr. Wellingford, glad to see you!" he exclaimed, grasping the old man's hand. "Let me see, it must be seven years since I last had the pleasure of

meeting you, when we toured the Orient on our way around the world. Why, I do believe you are growing younger instead of the opposite. At our last meeting, if I remember rightly, you tried to convert me and make a Christian out of me, but I am afraid that was impossible. Business men nowadays devote too much attention to mundane affairs. But how is the mission progressing? You must have built up quite a flourishing college by this time."

Dr. Wellingford smiled as he and Doure followed the ladies into the dining-room and he took the offered seat at the table.

"I am no longer connected with a missionary board," he answered, "I resigned from that branch of church labor three years ago."

"Indeed! My time and thoughts have been so centered on this railroad negotiation that I have had little social news; but after thirty years spent in China teaching the heathen it must seem strange to lay it aside. Did it become too strenuous with advancing years?"

"Before I answer that question," said the doctor, "tell me if you think I am a healthful-looking man."

"You certainly appear to be in the pink of vigorous condition," replied Doure, in a puzzled manner. "In fact, as I told you before, you seem ten years younger in appearance than when I saw you last."

"Yes, I am younger, both mentally and physically, and yet, according to the material world I am very old, as earthly years are reckoned."

"I do not quite understand you, doctor, but may I

inquire how old you are? You can't be more than fifty-five or sixty, judging from vigorous indications."

Dr. Wellingford smiled. "We do not acknowledge birthdays," he answered, "but since you are curious I do not mind telling you that I shall soon be eighty-four years old."

He made the admission in an impersonal manner, as though he had no interest in the matter.

"It seems impossible!" exclaimed Doure, and even his wife and her sister looked at their guest in amazement.

"Yes, by chronological data that is a worldly fact." Dr. Wellingford continued: "But in reality I am young, and I shall never grow old, for God's children reflect eternal youth."

"You must have discovered the secret that Ponce de Leon gave his life in a vain effort to find," laughed Doure.

"No, it is an open secret that all can have who desire the Truth. It is all contained within the covers of this little book," and he took from his inner pocket and laid on the table a copy of Science and Health.

Doure glanced at it in apparent disapproval. "So, you too have turned Christian Scientist! Well, who will get the idea next? Do you really believe there is a principle underlying it?"

The old man's face shone with a wonderous light as he replied:

"My dear friend, I not only know that every word contained in this book is the truth, but I am a living

proof of it. Perhaps a personal testimony will enlighten you. When I last saw you I was a leper, but the knowledge of the Science of Being which I gained from that book cleansed me and I was born again. I did not understand, at the time, what this Power was which had set me free, but I knew it came from the reading of the book."

Doure gazed at the old missionary in a startled manner: Surely there was some misapprehension regarding the malady!" he exclaimed.

"There are four reputable physicians in this city who will assert that I was in that afflicted condition," said Dr. Wellingford. "Christian Science, that is, a knowledge of the Truth, of the power of Omnipotent Love, at that hour of despair, saved me through the understanding of a faithful friend who brought me the book. It made me a well man; it gave me a new claim of perfect life, for I saw that this was the truth which Jesus, the Christ, taught to save humanity from their dark beliefs, and has enabled me now to demonstrate the living Truth for those who are in bondage to mental or physical claims."

"This is astounding! Do you really mean to tell me that you were cured of leprosy?" asked Doure. "Why, the statement seems incredible."

"Nevertheless, it is true. In the hour of my terrible need I was receptive to Truth; I learned the impotence of error and the Omnipotence of Mind; also the eternal fact that mortal mind and body are the material dream, and that the only reality is Immortal Mind. By study-

ing this inspired text book and the Bible you will find that matter is a false conception of mortal mind; that this so-called mind builds its own superstructure, of which the material body is the grosser portion; but that from first to last the body is a sensuous, human concept, without foundation and dissolving into dust. The understanding, even in a degree, of Divine Love destroys fear."

"That is all Greek to me, doctor. I have been a supporter of orthodox churches for years, believing their influence was good; but I admit that I have never had time or inclination to read the Bible to any great extent since I was a small boy, and was compelled to do so at least once a week. But this information about the body being nothing is non-intelligible to me. My wife, here, attributes her healing from invalidism to this Science and claims that there is no such thing in reality as sickness; yet you, also a Christian Scientist, just confessed that at one time you were a leper. Is there not a slight discrepancy?"

"Not when you gain even a glimpse of the Principle of Love, which illumines, designates and leads the way," replied Dr. Wellingford. "The statement that there is no reality in sickness is proved by the fact that when held up to the light of Truth it vanishes, as was illustrated in the case of Mrs. Doure, and also my own. If it had been real, it would have been impossible to destroy it, as a thing that is real is indistructable. That is the difference between seeming reality and reality. Truth is real and dispells sickness and the kindred er-

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"Infinite Mind Dispells Fear."

rors which are only seemingly real; the superiority of spiritual power over mortal mind is the controlling point of Christian Science."

Doure was thoughtful for a moment.

"You may be right, doctor, but I have little faith in this mental doctoring, hypnotism, mesmerism, telepathy or whatever you call it. Metaphysics may attract the student and the dreamer, but I am afraid I am too practical."

"There is where many people make their mistake," rejoined Dr. Wellingford. "They ignorantly believe that the Science of Life is hypnotism or spiritualism or some other kind of ism. It is not so. There is but one spiritual existence, the life of which corporeal sense can take no cognizance. The Divine principle of man speaks through immortal sense, and takes spiritual control of the counterfeit human. Hypnotism is merely the false mortal conception exerting a baneful influence over another mortal mind. The results are bad at best, for Spirit, which is God, has no part in the transaction.

"In regard to spiritualism-medium control, the belief that one man as spirit, can control another man as matter, upsets both the individuality and the science of man, for man is the image and likeness of God. God controls man, who is his reflection, and God is the only spirit. Any other control or attraction of the so-called spirit is a mortal belief, which ought to be known by its fruit—the repetition of evil. These are the words of Mrs. Eddy who discovered, or I should say, rediscovered the meaning of Christ's teachings. Jesus was

the fleshy body which rendered Truth visible and enabled him to be the Way-shower."

"I gather from what you say that you take issue with all the denominational churches," said Doure.

"The various churches mean well, no doubt, and are helpful so far as they know. Scholarly men who preach the gospel are conscientious and earnest, but they are blind in regard to the spiritual fact; groping in the dark, in the belief of the material. They preach of hell-fire and eternal damnation and make God, who is Love, a pitiless person more cruel than any tyrant this world has ever seen. They tell the sick it is God's will."

"There you hit the nail on the head, doctor. That's one reason why the orthodox church has had no influence with me. I could never bring myself to pray to a God who had to be catered to and praised in order to get him to do his common duty; and I never could believe in a personal devil or in the locality of a hell. If I saw the devil now I would consult an oculist without delay. But have Christian Scientists any creed?"

"I will answer you in Mrs. Eddy's inspired words:

" 'They have not, if by that term is meant doctrinal beliefs.'

"I will read you from Science and Health a brief exposition of the important points, or religious tenets of Christian Science:

" '1 As adherents of Truth, we take the inspired Word of the Bible as our sufficient guide to eternal Life.

" '2 We acknowledge and adore one supreme and infinite God. We acknowledge His Son, the Holy Ghost

or Divine Comforter; and man is God's image and likeness.

"'3 We acknowledge God's forgiveness of sin in the destruction of sin and the spiritual understanding that casts out evil as unreal. But the belief in sin is punished so long as the belief lasts.

"'4 We acknowledge Jesus' atonement as the evidence of divine, efficacious Love, unfolding man's unity with God through Christ Jesus the way-shower; and we acknowledge that man is saved through Christ, through Truth, Life and Love as demonstrated by the Galilean Prophet in healing the sick and overcoming sin and death.

"'5 We acknowledge that the crucifixion of Jesus and his resurrection serve to uplift faith to understand eternal Life, even the allness of Soul, Spirit, and the nothingness of matter.

"'6 And we solemnly promise to watch and pray for that Mind to be in us which was also in Christ-Jesus; to do unto others as we would have them do unto us, and to be merciful, just and pure.'"

"The tenets of the faith are beautiful. It certainly wins strong adherents. My wife and her sister have borne up wonderfully since the terrible news was received. They believe that our little girl has been saved from the wreck of the Merving Hall, through that same Omnipotent Power of which you have been talking, but for my part, I can see nothing on which to pin a shred of faith. There were no women or children reported picked up, and I cannot see how our little darl-

ing could have been saved. What is your view regarding it, doctor?''

''It was an appalling calamity—but we in Science look beyond material evidence. We know Divine Love is Omnipotent, Omnipresent and Omniscient. Mrs. Doure tells me that your little daughter has been an earnest Sunday School pupil, and therefore a student of Science. No doubt she claimed help in that terrible hour of need. Hold steadfastly to the Truth, claim the right, and let Divine Love smooth the troubled waters. Mrs. Doure has asked me to help in this demonstration. She and Miss Camille have steadily denied any power of evil; so we must know that Omnipotent Mind has provided safety for your child. Are you willing to be present when we declare the Truth for her?''

There was a mist of tears in Doure's eyes as he bowed his head and silently extended his hand to the good friend.

''If you would but study Science and Health, the revelation of this Principle of life would lift you above material delusions and you would understand the nothingness of error, which vanishes before the light of Truth,'' said Dr. Wellingford.

They then arose from the table and entered the front room, closing the doors against interruption. There was a silence that was eloquent of peace and strength, during the time the practitioner, with eyes closed, was ''treating'' them. When he finished, Doure said:

''I believe I will at least try to read the book, since you say it is the 'the voice of Truth to this age'; and

that thus man appropriates those things 'which eye hath not seen nor ear hear.' I badly need help now, for, besides this dreadful anxiety over Esther's fate, I am confronted with an unlooked for difficulty in the negotiations over the railroad concession. A friend has offered me the use of his steam yacht if I cared to go in search of some clew as to our little girl's fate, but I do not see how I can leave at the present time without sacrificing our entire business interests, and this would be a serious matter to the syndicate and also to me. If I thought there was a possibility of finding my little girl, you know, of course, that worldly affairs would not stand in my way, but the possibility seems so slight that it gives me scarcely any hope. But I can send my wife and her sister under the care of our friends, the Wordens. I should like to accompany them, but I do not see how I can arrange my affairs to get away."

"Mr. Doure," solemnly said the old man, "God is all powerful. I understand the difficulty that confronts you in the matter of the concession. I have not lived in the Orient for nearly forty years without acquiring a full knowledge of existing conditions. This matter will take time; it cannot be pushed in a hurry, and it will be of no immediate interest to wait here when you seem anxious and unhappy. Go with Mrs. Doure and Miss Camille and recover your little girl, and learn the Truth of Being. If you care to place the matter of the railroad concession in my hand, I have no doubt that these worldly claims will adjust themselves to your complete satisfaction; probably beyond your expectations."

Doure knew that Dr. Wellingford, during his many years in the Orient, had gained great influence with the Peking authorities, and gratefully accepted his offer of aid, even though he regarded it in the light of material aid rather than spiritual help.

"Doctor, you've taken a load off my mind," he said, "and I am beginning to hope that we may find Esther. Furthermore, I'm going to read Science and Health from cover to cover, and seek to imbibe not the letter but the spirit."

As the old practitioner walked homewards he paused an instant on the brow of the hill, and glanced at the strange city at his feet. A myriad of lights twinkled through the darkness, and a rickshaw drawn by a barefooted Oriental creaked by. The ships swung at their anchors and from all ascended that indescribable "smell of the Orient," that charms and holds the travelers from other lands. He stood gazing at the fair picture: finally murmuring: "Love heals every heartache as well as other earthly errors."

The Two Castaways

CHAPTER V.

SEA and sky bended in a blazing medley of gorgeous colors as the sun climbed from the rim of the ocean, painting the sapphire vault of the heavens with vivid dashes of vermillion and gold; tipping fleecy clouds with glowing color; changing the emerald rollers that swept rhythmically across the surface of the sea with an endless monotone, into lustrous billows of irridescent, glowing beauty. Already the heat of the day made the odd pair of voyagers on the little raft stir uneasily. Bentley awakened from a troubled sleep and gazed at the sun with mingled emotions. Seldom before in his checkered life had he been so keenly alive to the splendors of nature. There was a charm to the sea and sky, to the marvelous dashes and splashes of celestial color, that heretofore he had at times dimly felt but never realized.

The ten days on the raft with the child had awakened a side of his nature of which he had been unconscious. He was now in closer touch with the Spirit of Life than at any former period in his remembrance. Much of his hardness and cynicism had melted, giving way to softer thoughts and kindlier feelings, under the combined influence of the little girl's odd philosophy and the communion with Nature.

"But its nearly over now," he thought, looking at

the almost empty water cask, "and then——well——."

He shrugged his shoulders with the old careless motion that had characterized him ashore, but which now was followed by an involuntary sigh.

The child stirred and sat up with a bright smile She was pale and thinner, but with the same happy and untroubled look that had first attracted Bentley's attention.

"Oh, how pretty!" she cried, gazing at the wondrous picture presented by the tropical sunrise. Bentley smiled at her. He had never ceased to wonder at the peace and sweetness of the little girl's character under the most trying circumstances; never complaining, always happy and confident in her belief that help would come to them. She was exquisitely refined and orderly in her habits, retiring behind the canvas screen with her little satchel, from whence came towel and brush and comb; then returning with the golden hair arranged in long curls, and the crumpled dress smoothed as well as possible under the difficult circumstances.

"And in another few days this poor little darling will be food for the sharks," Bentley thought, gazing at her with an odd lump in his throat, for the child had become inexpressibly dear to him.

"Now, don't feel sad," she suddenly said, noting the melancholy expression that flitted across the man's strong face. "You must learn to know that we are all right, and that we are being protected and cared for. God is all around us, and we cannot suffer. Let us get out the lesson now. You take the Bible and read

about the loaves and fishes, and you will see that Love did not let the people go hungry. Perhaps you would never have known of Science if it had not been for this wreck," and the big blue eyes looked into his with an earnestness that made Bentley, while he thrilled to her words of hope, think of another pair of blue eyes, and again he sighed.

"You have a beautiful religion, Esther, and I believe that there is much truth in it. If I had known more about it earlier in my life, possibly I would have been a different man, but it is too late now. Dangers are thickening around us and you will need all your spiritual strength for the inevitable end that is fast approaching. While we had enough water to drink the heat was not so hard to bear, but there is very little left now. You can understand what that means, because you have intelligence far beyond your years."

She shook her head with a deprecatory wave of her hand.

"Won't you understand that we cannot want for anything?" she questioned. "I know that you are afraid that we will want for water and die from it, but water will be supplied us when we need it. We do not need it yet. If you remember, we read yesterday how Moses was told by God to get water from a rock off in the desert. Now just listen while I read from our Text Book: 'Divine Love always has met and always will meet every human need.' You must not be like the Thomas who lived long ago and who was always doubting," and she smiled in her quaint little way. "We

such as he had not known for many burdensome years. The soft voice of the child as she read to him from her Science and Health or the Bible, while he shielded her from the glare of the sun with a corner of the small sail, had soothingly mingled with the lapping of the languid water against the sides of the raft as it rose and fell on the long rollers. Death might be at the end—but Bentley felt content. For once in his life he had found peace, perfect peace, such as he had dreamed of, but never known. Unconsciously he had absorbed part of the child's belief that a power of Good was all around them and would care for and protect them. He vainly puzzled his head as to what this unseen power really was, but groping in the spiritual ignorance of many years spent in the harder, material side of life, it was as yet a mystery to him. What the child read appealed to him as beautiful. He dimly understood the lofty sentiments expressed, and while feeling that they were based on truth, it was difficult for a man whose life for so many years had been the reverse of all that he was learning, to change or accept the teachings without a clearer understanding. At times he scarcely heard the child's words as she read to him, merely listening to the solemn music of the voice of the sea which blended with the little girl's soft tones, finally sinking into a peaceful slumber from which he would awaken refreshed and strengthened, and with a feeling of peace and contentment, hitherto foreign to his irritable, unhappy nature. Life, which formerly held little heart interest, now assumed nobler proportions. Ambi-

tion of a higher tone, calling for better work, stirred within him, and kindlier thoughts, in which he vaguely felt a truer duty towards his fellow men, replaced the bitterness that had characterized him for so many years. Possibly there was some good in the world after all, he thought, and in a dim way he began to comprehend that he had seldom endeavored to find or even expect aught but the worst from the men and women with whom he had come in contact.

The question now arose in his mind as to whether or not he had been mistaken and unfair. Possibly there were many people in the world who viewed life in the same uplifting way as his little companion. The thought puzzled him. Was it through ignorance of the darker side of life; was it due to the sheltering existence they led, away from temptation and away from the endless struggle to live; or was it through an innate desire to do right? These questions which Bentley formerly believed were settled to his entire satisfaction now intruded themselves in his thoughts with disturbing force; but the abiding conviction was on the softer side when gazing at the child or when listening to her voice when she read from her little leather-covered book.

The days passed quickly. There was the preparing of the simple meals; the opening of tins with his pocket knife, and the make-believe that the canned meats were various and dainty delicacies. It was great fun for both the man and the child.

From old cans Bentley had constructed a rude stove,

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From old cans Bentley had constructed a rude stove,

and with bits of the oars he would occasionally cook a flying fish that dropped on the raft, making a dainty dish, which was relished by both, while from the wings of the little creatures Bentley made pretty articles for his young companion. But the question of water was ever uppermost in Bentley's mind, and he viewed with a sombre eye the keg which contained scarcely more than a glassful, although he had carefully husbanded the precious fluid, denying himself in order that the child might have more. But the supply had steadily dwindled and Bentley had little faith in the protecting unknown power of which Esther had told him. But the little girl herself expressed no fear, and apparently gave no thought to the time when the last drop would be gone from the keg.

The tenth day on the raft wore along, and when the sun sank in a cloudless sky that evening Bentley gazed at it with a pensive air. The heat had been unusually oppressive throughout the day, and already Bentley was beginning to feel the pangs of thirst. With only a glassful of water left, he knew the end was not far off.

"The last sunset we'll ever see," he thought. "A quick death is better than the sufferings of thirst, and to-morrow ends it all." He shrugged his shoulders in his cynical manner and lay studying the stars which gleamed over head, and puzzling over the strangeness of life and the world old question as to the reason for it all, when the voice of the child, from her little canvas nest, broke in on his thoughts, and he lay listening as

she softly repeated: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." Her voice was drowsily soft, and with the last words her eyes closed.

Bentley gazed at the sleeping child with a strange tenderness, and with a sense of peace, despite the dangers, dropped off to sleep.

Seeking the Wreck Survivors.

CHAPTER VI.

ONE of the seeming great troubles with most people of the present age is that they fail to appreciate their blessings, or realize what Jesus meant when he said: 'Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost','' said Mrs. Doure, laying down her Science and Health and turning to her husband who was smoking beside her, with his face clouded and anxious. They were on the deck of the beautiful yacht Star of the East, owned by the Wordens, friends of the Doures of many years standing, who had been the first to volunteer any assistance possible when they heard of the collision in which Esther Doure's name was listed among the drowned.

When Doure had decided to accompany his wife on the search for some trace of his little daughter, the yacht was placed at their disposal. It was now headed for the spot where the ill-fated Merving Hall was supposed to have gone down. During the two weeks that had elapsed since news of the collision had startled the world, Doure had fretted, and lines of worry were seen in his fine face. It was this look that caused Mrs. Doure to point out the many blessings that they were enjoying.

''People have much to be thankful for that they do not realize, Herbert,'' she continued, ''and we are in

that category, for we have each other, and we have health, affluence, and we have the hope of finding our darling Esther. Try to see the brighter side of life, and realize that all is harmony if we but claim it. Happiness and peace are the only realities; care and sorrow are beliefs of error which have no foundation in fact and are only a dark dream. Am I not right, Camille?"

Camille turned to Mrs. Doure with a smile. "I should think that Brother Herbert would see and understand something of these truths even from observing the changes they have made in you and me," she replied. "Do you not remember how delicate and sickly we both were before we came into the understanding of Science? Do we manifest those unpleasant errors any longer? Has Annie any more heavy bills for medical attention, for drugs and for trained nurses? Are we not more keenly alive to the beauties of life than formerly? Can we not enjoy good, wholesome fun and pleasantries more fully at the present time than ever before? Of course, I am not alluding to the immediate present when the clouds of uncertainty over Esther's fate remain undispelled. But are not the answers to these questions proof that we have been led into the right path? We do not fear for Esther because we are trying to see the nothingness of error when it holds up the picture of loss and death. We deny evil as power, and claim that, as God's image and likeness, she was protected by this Omnipotent Love, and that in her restoration to us will be manifested the victory of Truth over error."

"Blind, but beautiful faith!" exclaimed Doure. "I fear I am too practical for belief in miraculous salvation, although if by any chance we should, as you expect, find Esther, I will admit I was governed by material law and will then try to gain a truer understanding of this great power, but I want some proof that it exists. I am certainly glad and willing to admit the wonderful and delightful change in Annie's mental and physical condition, but I am not sure that this was brought about by Divine agency, nor does her restored health convince me that there is no such thing as sickness, sin, evil, and all the other kindred woes that affect mankind. I am arguing from a practical standpoint. Look on all sides, and you will see your statements refuted. You say there is no pain. Prick yourself with a pin, and then if you do not feel pain—well, I will believe you."

"You put a false interpretation on my words and fail to grasp their true meaning," patiently replied his wife. "Mrs. Eddy shows us that there is no reality in pain, for if pain were Real it would last forever, and yet you must admit that pain will vanish. Anything that is real is everlasting; anything that is not real is ephemeral, and not founded on Truth. A pain will not last forever, therefore it cannot be founded on reality, which is eternal. We must silence the lie of material senses with the Truth of spiritual sense, then the false belief will cease. The Science of Mind denies the error of sensation in matter, and heals with Truth."

She paused, glancing over the moonlit sea through which the yacht ploughed steadily, and then toward

the salon skylight, from which came sounds of merriment from their friends, who, while they were sympathetic and affectionate, yet were young and happy, enjoying to the full the beauties of the Southern seas and the pleasure of the cruise.

Mrs. Doure observed that her husband had followed her words closely, so she resumed: "You must learn, Herbert, that the physical senses deceive one. For instance, to all appearance the beautiful sunset which we watched an hour ago was caused by the sun sinking in the ocean at the edge of the horizon, while the earth remained stationary; yet we know that the sun was stationary while the earth revolved, although in this case our knowledge directly contradicts the testimony of the senses. What is the answer? Why, our physical senses have deceived us. If they can deceive us in one thing, why not in another? This shows that they are not infallible; so we should never condemn a statement, no matter how strange or improbable it may at first appear, until we have weighed it and proved that it is either true or false, for it must be one or the other—there is no half-way measure."

Mrs. Doure's voice was low and sweet, and both her husband and Camille listened attentively, Doure evidently following the argument closely. Mrs. Doure paused a moment, and, as her husband did not speak, she continued: "The nothingness of evil is explained by the statement that if God, Good, is real, then Evil, the opposite of God, is unreal, and takes to itself that guise of reality when it is in fact nothing. Evil can only seem to be real by giving reality to the unreal, which is an

impossibility. Man is the reflection of this infinite power of Good; and as there is no evil in Good, there can be no evil in man. The errors we see on every hand have no foundation in fact; they are false beliefs and must vanish into the nothingness whence they came. But we must learn their unreality, and learn to know the right; otherwise these errors seem to our mortal senses to be endowed with reality, and appear to have the mastery of us. The opposite, however, is the case. We have the mastery, for we reflect God, Good. Love is the only power, and it can smooth every pathway. It is Infinite Wisdom that has led us to seek for Esther, and you will find that 'sorrow will be turned into joy.' ''

Long after the ladies had retired to their state-rooms, Doure walked the deck, pondering the serious problems confronting him. That there was even the remotest possibility of finding his little daughter, his personal judgment doubted. The fact that only one boat-load of people had been saved from the wreck seemed ample proof that the child must have perished. In his heart he considered the present trip a blind effort to leave no stone unturned to solve a veiled mystery, even though the inner consciousness tells one that the effort is futile, and the sterner common sense cries out against it. He censured himself for leaving his business at a critical time, realizing that the failure to secure the railroad concession meant practically bankruptcy, and he felt too old to start in anew the battle of life with money as the goal. Problems without a ready solution chased themselves through his head with

wearying persistence until words of spiritual meaning, spoken by his wife, would recur to him, and he fell to wondering whether or not there was any truth in the statement that Good was stronger than evil, and if this strange power, of which the gentle members of his family talked, could straighten out the tangled skein of his life. Another bewildering thought was Dr. Wellingford's statement that he would declare "the Truth" through absent treatments. As he walked a sense of peace replaced the troubled thoughts, and after a glance at the moonlit water he went below.

The plan of the rescuing party was to head the yacht for the spot where the ill-fated liner went down and from there sail in ever-widening circles with the hope that some survivor might be found clinging to a bit of wreckage, or some other boat than the one picked up might have got away from the vessel and not been seen by the rescuing ship. Cases were cited where men and women had lived for many days on bits of wreckage from their lost ship, and there was a bare possibility that a second boat had left the Merving Hall. Neither Doure nor the captain of the yacht had any faith in the chance, but it was a chance, and the belief of the ladies that the recovery of Esther would be the result of the cruise had often buoyed Doure's spirits when they were at their lowest ebb. There was a soothing sweetness to his wife's voice as she read and sang to him. The melodious voice seemed to quiet his troubled spirit, and in the last few days they had been drawn closer together than at any time since their courtship

days, not so much by the bond of sorrow for the loss of their little daughter as by some strange power which softened and united their natures in tender bonds, and seemed to give them both a clearer outlook, making each stronger for the other. Doure had been free from his neuralgic pains, and despite his recurring anxieties he seemed to feel a strange lightness of spirit. He had felt better physically and mentally since starting on their cruise, and when Mrs. Doure and Camille read their daily lesson from the Bible and Science and Health with the aid of the quarterly, he listened less moodily and without the aversion to what he had previously termed "this new cult," and which he had formerly felt. The possibility that there might be truth in what he heard stirred his consciousness, although it made him wonder at what he termed his own credulousness and he was surprised at his growing interest in the subject. Formerly he had disliked to hear his wife discussing Christian Science; now he was interested, gaining a strange strength and sense of calm from the words, although he made no pretense of grasping their meaning. The case of Dr. Wellingford puzzled him, and when by chance he picked up a Christian Science Sentinel and read testimonials of wonderful healing, his thoughts turned in a new direction. Possibly they were right.

The days on the yacht had passed peacefully, with the hours taken up by his wife and her sister in more earnest study of their text book, while he wondered at the feverish unrest that had previously bound him. Their friends were congenial and the time passed pleas-

antly. All on board wondered at the calm faces of Mrs. Doure and her sister, and the old skipper mentally set the mother and aunt down as heartless, without any sorrow over the tragic loss of a beautiful child, as never a word of despair was heard from them; never a moan of discouragement, but always a solemn, faithful hope and confidence in the all-powerful protection of Omnipotent Love. The spirit of Peace seemed to enfold the yacht and its members and to bear them on invisible wings to the triumphant proof of Infinite, Ever-present Love. Even the captain felt a softening thrill and a mist dimmed his eye, and the men rested from their duties or recreation when, at the shimmering twilight hour, the ladies sitting on deck would sing one of the wonderful hymns written by the leader of the Christian Science Church. A sense of peace seemed to enfold the yacht, and all on board felt the harmony that dissolved the error-clouds of discord.

In the Typhoon's Grip.

CHAPTER VII.

A DASH OF spray and an unusually heavy pitch of the raft awakened Bentley, and he sat up, clutching at the guard ropes to keep from being rolled overboard. The wind blew with a refreshing coolness, but the sea had risen and the raft was already washed by the breaking caps of the seas. The moon hung low, but even as Bentley looked a black wall of clouds spread over the sky with the speed of a racehorse, blotting out the stars and covering all like a pall flung from a giant hand. The wind increased. The little sail rigged to the oar which Bentley had used more as a sunshade for the child than for means of making the raft move, was whipped from its lashings by the force of the gale, for gale it now was, while the tops of the big seas were snatched up and flung along in a sheet of flying spume. Bentley quickly lashed the child to the raft and made himself secure in the same way, drawing a tarpaulin over both to keep off the spray which now swept over the castaways in a smothering cloud.

"It's starting to blow pretty hard; one of these sudden tropical hurricanes and we'll have to lie quiet," he told Esther. "If it starts to rain there's a chance to get some water. I don't think the raft will capsize, although it is possible with such a sudden wild sea as this. But keep up your courage. This gale may blow

us on some island, but that's a long chance, and I don't suppose there's much use in counting on it."

Esther leaned her face closer to his in order to be heard above the roar of the wind and the surge of the seas, and said: "We need not fear. Love will not forsake us." She cuddled closer and lay quiet, seemingly unconscious of the wild turmoil of sea and wind which was going on all around them.

The hurricane increased and the raft was swept by the crest of almost every billow. At times it seemed to poise on the top of a gigantic wave, only to slide down into the succeeding gully with a sickening sensation that made Bentley wonder if they would ever come to the surface again. The little girl's faith never for an instant wavered. Chilled and drenched by the storm, she seemed oblivious to the terrors of the tempest, and Bentley felt that in her strange way she was claiming what she termed "the Truth" for their deliverance, and in some vague way his hope revived.

Throughout the remaining hours of the night the hurricane blew with undiminished force, but with the breaking of day the wind went down and the rain came in torrents, beating down the seas and bringing a renewing sense of life to the man and child. It was a simple matter for Bentley to stretch the tarpaulin and let the rain fill the little water keg. The water tasted sweet and fresh and they both drank freely of it, and allowed the torrents to pour on their head and face, washing away the salt brine and leaving a pleasant exhilaration.

"Just in time, Esther," said Bentley, replacing the

top of the keg and smiling at his little companion whose bright face with the damp hair was turned toward him, watching with interest the filling and corking of the keg. "Another day in this blazing sun without water would have finished us both; do you realize that? But I suppose you will say that God sent the rain to save our lives."

Esther nodded her head in her odd little manner, used when she wished to emphasize her remarks. "Uncle Tom," she said, for he had asked her to address him by that name, "I knew all along that we would be saved. No, we are not off the raft yet, but we will be. We needed water and it came to us. Don't you understand now that God will not let us suffer if we claim the help that is always ours? Haven't I been telling you this ever since the shipwreck? Weren't we saved from the steamer when many people lost their lives, and haven't we been protected on this raft? We will be rescued and returned to our homes, and it will all be due to God. Now you just see if we aren't."

"Maybe you're right child, but let's wait and see how things turn out."

It was at the closing of the following day, when Bentley was dozing in the shade of the small tarpaulin which he had again rigged up, that he was brought to his feet by Esther excitedly crying:

"Uncle Tom! Oh, Uncle Tom, there's a sail over there," pointing across the expanse of water. A small patch of brownish white rose and fell on the face of the ocean. It was indeed a sail. Help appeared to be near.

Bentley lost no time in kindling a small fire in his improvised stove from pieces of the remaining oar, and wetting the chips to creat a black smoke. Together they watched the patch of brown, and soon saw that it was approaching.

"You see," said Esther, "that Divine Love has made another demonstration, and now we are off this raft."

"Maybe you are right, but that patch of sail looks to me like a native canoe, and the natives of this region are none too hospitable. In fact some of the islands in these seas are inhabited by cannibals, and we must be careful not to jump from the frying pan into the fire. and Bentley anxiously watched the brown spot, now outlined in the rays of the setting sun.

"Haven't I told you that Divine Love is all around us and that no harm can befall those who claim the protection that is theirs? No matter who the people are in that boat they will help us. Just know that God love us and everything will always be all right," and Esther waived her little jacket at the speck of sail.

Bentley was thoughtful for a few moments. "I'm beginning to believe what you say, Esther, and if we get ashore I'm going to look into your religion, for it is the only one that seems to be founded on facts. Most churches promise a reward in the next world, but I have always gone on the principle that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

"Don't you remember reading yesterday that 'Heaven is within us'? Oh, Uncle Tom, you seem so awfully dull!"

Bentley laughed and turned to watch the approach of the canoe, for canoe it now was seen to be. He felt some trepidation. The faces of the natives that filled it caused him a feeling of dismay, for from his former trip through the South Sea Islands he easily recognized them as being from the jungles of the northern Ladrones, a fierce, wild race, little known to the white inhabitants of the more frequented places. They were reputed to be cannibals. Yet the savage canoe was better than the raft and he remembered that he still had his revolver if the worst came to the worst. The brown bodies of the natives glistened in the rays of the setting sun, and their rude ornaments added a charm to the savage picture they presented. They gazed in unconcealed wonder at the man and the little golden-haired child alone on the tiny raft, and crowded curiously around them as they climbed into the big canoe.

With the aid of signs and the few words of the native dialect that he knew, Bentley soon learned that the canoe had been blown far out to sea by the recent hurricane, and he wondered how they had succeeded in weathering the storm. They were now trying to sail back to their island, and while they knew the general direction, they had no exact knowledge as to how far away it lay, although judging from the force of the wind and general drift, Bentley roughly calculated that they must be close to two hundred miles off shore. It was one of the large war canoes, and Bentley observed that the natives were all armed, and that several were nursing wounds. He surmised that the tribe had at-

tempted an attack on some neighboring island, and, being repulsed, had put to sea, only to be caught in the hurricane and blown far off their course.

Esther was a study to the natives. It was seldom that they had seen a white man, as the trading schooners came but infrequently and most of them were manned by Chinese, with an occasional white captain. A white woman had never visited their remote island, and the little girl with her golden hair and blue eyes was an ever-increasing source of wonder to the brown-skinned crew of the great canoe. They were interesting to Esther, but she expressed no fear, gazing gently at the savages and turning to Bentley to murmur: "They are God's children."

The wind, which was abeam, freshened and the canoe tore through the water at a speed that astounded Bentley, familiar as he was with the fast-sailing native boats. Cocoanuts in plenty were stowed throughout the canoe, and Bentley and Esther had a sufficient meal despite their strange surroundings and the scrutinizing faces of the natives. When night fell, Esther went peacefully to sleep, leaning on Bentley's shoulder, although he remained anxiously awake, puzzling over the new problem that now confronted them; but the thought of the child's wonderful trust and the fact that they had been miraculously guarded through so many dangers caused a gentle peace to replace his fears and finally he, too, slept.

Knot after knot was reeled off and before the close of the following day a dark spot on the horizon was discernible. This gradually grew larger until the top

of a mountain was plainly seen. Esther manifested no anxiety, but Bentley's fears increased as he listened to the jabbering of the natives and noted the looks cast in their direction. Plainly the savages were discussing his case and the disposition of the child, and he prepared for trouble when they landed. He was confident, however, that a council of war would be held to decide on their fate, and until this was done they would be safe from violence. In the meantime something might arise that would enable them to escape. He remembered that they had been saved from the wreck, and in a strange way had been rescued from the raft, and unconsciously he thought of the Power in which the child reverently trusted, and wondered if the demonstration of help and protection would be continued. "She is always 'declaring the Truth' for us, whatever that is. What if she is right and there is a Divine Power guiding us?" he mused. "It certainly seems as though we had been divinely protected; otherwise we never could have gone through so many dangerous experiences, and reached shore safely, as we have fair prospects of doing. What marvelous events! The wreck; the storm; the rain; and then this canoe. It is beyond human understanding!"

The big canoe cut through the line of white surf and slid into a pretty, sheltered cove to a sloping, white-sand beach on which an excited crowd of natives gathered to welcome the returned warriors. Native women in their odd garb of grass-woven dress, burly fighting men and little dark-hued children, pretty in spite of color, as well as pets of various kind, crowded around

the white man and girl, regarding them with astonishment. Palms and thickets, a tropical growth of vines and flowers, grew in lavish profusion to the water's edge, and the two castaways were conducted along a trail banked on either side with the sweet-scented verdure, to the native village, where more men and women and children gathered to stare at them in wonder. But an air of gloom and sadness seemed to hang over the village, and the natives spoke in hushed voices and many remained seated in postures expressing woe. Bentley soon learned that the chief was dying, and his people mourned. The witch doctors had worked their spells and incantations in vain, and the famous old warrior was fast sinking to his last rest. Not even the interest created by the advent of the white man and child could awaken the natives from the lethargy of their grief, for the old chief was beloved, and his death was now expected shortly.

Bentley and Esther were lodged in a pretty little thatched hut on one edge of the village, which overlooked the mass of white surf that roared and boomed on the sands as the seas swept in from the stretch of blue water extending in a soft line to the clear horizon beyond. An aged crone brought them food in a woven basket of odd design, composed of tropical fruits and dried fish. A tiny camp fire, which Bentley lighted in front of the hut, added a picturesque touch to the strange scene, as he and Esther, after their repast, for they felt weary and hungry, sat beside it. The earth was soft and warm, and gave the body a delicious sensation after the cramped quarters on the raft for so

many days, and the last stage of the long journey in the canoe with the natives. The flowers and trees exhaled a delicious perfume, while the rumble of the surf played a soft accompaniment to Esther's voice as she earnestly read the lesson by the light of the tiny fire. The jungle loomed dark, with here and there a twisted creeper, outlined by the flickering light of the fire, swinging and swaying with a lifelike movement, while faintly came the sounds of sorrow from the village. It was delightful and restful to be ashore, but in Bentley's mind dark pictures of the morrow formed themselves unconsciously. That the natives were cannibals, or little better, he was sure, and that their fate hung in the balance seemed a gloomy fact. It was even possible that the natives might attempt to kill them as a sacrifice to their heathen gods in the hope of prolonging their chief's life in this manner. True, he might make a hard battle for life, but what could one man do against a whole village of savages, who would fight with the fanatic valor of the Moslems? They were saved from the sea and yet the future looked blacker than at any time since the wreck. Drowning was infinitely preferable to being the victims of cannibals. Bentley's brows were drawn together in his old troubled scowl; the scowl which for some time had been banished from his face by the gentle teachings of his little companion. But now the old beliefs arose and he gazed at the fire, lost in brooding thought, with his old, unhappy, cynical expression. Finally he became conscious of being watched, and looked up into the smiling, loving face of Esther.

"Are you conjuring up bugaboos again, Uncle Tom?" she gently questioned. "Don't you know yet that we have nothing to fear? Oh, my!" with a deprecatory shake of her golden head, "how hard it is for you to understand something that is so clear! Don't worry, dear Uncle Tom, just trust in the only Ever-Present Power, and nothing but Harmony can come to us."

She opened her Science and Health and read to Bentley, while a few natives squatted around watching the strangers wonderingly. When Esther closed the book, she shut her eyes, and was silent for a few moments, then she laid her head on the matting which Bentley had spread over a pillow of flowers, and with a glance the silvery splendor of the star-bespangled heavens drowsily murmured, "God is Love,' and was enfolded in soft slumber.

Bentley lay down. The warm night air soothed him. A sense of peace and security, a feeling that Wisdom and Intelligence were guarding them and would protect them, alone and helpless as they were on the lonely cannibal island, enabled him to seek rest. He recalled the child's words regarding the ever-presence of Divine Protection, and the great Heart of Love heard his mental call, and he trustingly slept.

A Tropical Hurricane.

CHAPTER VIII.

DOURE sat in the chart room of the Star of the East smoking a cigar and watching Captain Sley who was engaged in working out the yacht's position from the sight he had just taken. He thoughtfully eyed the long column of figures and the sheets covered with the complicated calculation, and as the skipper checked off his latitude and longitude, and paused with a sigh of relief, Doure remarked: "I suppose all of that is as clear to you as the use of a city directory would be to me in finding a locality in San Francisco."

"Exactly," replied the Captain. "Nautical science has become exact, and a shipmaster nowadays, aided as he is with the latest and most improved instruments, is never at a loss for his position. In fact, the average liner sails with railroad regularity. The sextant and chronometer are, of course, our chief dependence, but one of the greatest aids to the seafaring man is the barometer, and by the way, I don't like the looks of it. The glass has been falling since early morning, and it nows registers only 28. Yes, I know, it looks like a beautiful day and for that matter it is, but at the same time it's going to blow like Old Harry; but luckily, the yacht is in good condition and everything is shipshape both fore and aft."

"Where are we now, captain? Have we reached the locality of the collision?"

According to the position given by the ship which picked up the survivors of the Merving Hall we are now approximately at the place where the crash occurred," answered Captain Sley. "Shall we have a look around from the bridge?"

Together they left the chart room, Doure glancing over the placid sea with a sad expression. "With all your nautical aids and wonderful instruments you cannot prevent accidents or sudden death," he remarked, his thoughts traveling to the tragedy in which his child had been lost.

"No, there is no guarding against such calamities. We can only do our duty when such accidents happen," and the old captain looked out over the broad expanse with a troubled air, glancing thoughtfully at the barometer on the bridge. He shook his head gravely and conferred for a few moments with the officer on watch before again joining Doure.

"So far there has been no sign of a single piece of wreckage, though the closest watch has been kept as you know," he resumed. "The drift in these seas is supposed to be south, but the Pacific is, to a great extent, an unknown quantity. The possibility that someone might be clinging to a bit of wreckage or that some other boat might have got away from the steamer is at best very remote, as I told you in the beginning, although such things have happened before. But unless they were well supplied with water and food I don't think it would have been possible for people to

live on a raft or in an open boat this long. From the looks of the barometer there is a storm coming up which will destroy any possibility that even a single soul could have been saved except the number picked up the day following the crash. I fear, Mr. Doure, that you must abandon any hope that your child has escaped. In the hurricane which the glass tells us is approaching, it will test the strength of a good-sized vessel, much less a boat or raft. I do not want to alarm you, as I feel that the yacht can weather any storm that will be encountered in these or any other seas, but it will be a hard struggle. You had better warn the ladies that a hurricane is coming and that they will have to remain below."

Captain Sley turned to consult with his chief officer, who had joined him, and together they bent over the barometer, while Doure walked aft. Camille was seated in the shade of one of the deck awnings, working over a small miniature in which sea and sky blended in exquisite tints, while a stormy petrel winged its way across the foreground. Mrs. Doure came from the cabin and stood admiring her sister's work. Camille laid aside her brushes and palate and gazed out over the water with sad intensity. Mrs. Doure laid her hand affectionately on her beautiful young sister's shoulder. "It's an exquisite picture, Camille; such tender, glowing coloring; you have caught the expression of the sea itself. Your work shows that you have risen above material sorrow and have made a demonstration over seeming grief. It comes to me that this cloud will be lifted from your life. It is only an illusion of error

which Truth can remove. It is possible that Tom Bentley may have been among the survivors. He was a strong, resolute and resourceful man."

"No, Annie, I have no such hope. The papers published his name in the list of the lost. They said he was a loss to the intellectual world, and that many would mourn the brilliant man so suddenly and tragically cut down."

Camille leaned her head against her sister's shoulder. Mrs. Doure smoothed the golden locks for a moment before she softly said: " 'The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters; yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.' 'God pours the riches of his love into the understanding and affection, giving us strength according to our day.' But here comes Herbert. What is it, dear?"

"Bad news, Annie. The captain tells me that a storm of unusual severity is approaching; in fact, from what I gather it may be a typhoon, and he has given orders that every one must stay below, as he believes it will come before long. These tropical hurricanes spring up with such surprising rapidity that they strike almost without warning. So far the only indication of the coming tempest has been given by the barometer, but we had better go inside."

They entered the cabin where their friends, the two married couples, were playing cards, and briefly informed them of the captain's warning. All manifested a degree of nervousness with the exception of Mrs. Doure and her sister, who, although pale, were calm and collected. The captain entered on a tour of in-

spection. His weather-beaten face was mask-like, expressing nothing, but the sharpness of his commands to the men to see that all was secure, and his brief instructions that no one must attempt to leave the cabin as the decks would shortly be flooded, increased the feeling of uneasiness. There was, however, a strength in the captain which carried a feeeling of security, and he curtly assured the ladies that the yacht was safe, although, if the hurricane proved as severe as he expected, it would pitch and roll in a manner to cause much alarm, but that they should not be afraid.

"This hurricane will destroy the last hope of finding Esther," said Doure bending over his wife so that his words would not carry to the other members of the party grouped around the salon. "Captain Sley tells me that no boat or raft could possibly live through it, so it seems that our trip will have been in vain."

"God works in a mysterious manner, and we cannot fathom his methods, except to know that they are Good, and that everything Good is ours. I am as convinced now that we will eventually find Esther as I was at first. We are protected by Divine Love, and so is Esther. Who knows but that this typhoon may in some strange manner lead us to her?" and she smiled lovingly at the anxious face of her husband.

Doure shook his head. Such faith was sublime but impractical, according to his way of thinking, and even savored a trifle of the fanatical in face of the facts as he saw them. Excusing himself to the rest of the party, and promising to return with news of the storm's ap-

proach, he left the cabin and joined the captain on the bridge. Captain Sley's face was unusually grave and his commands to the sailors who were completing the work of double lashing everything on deck, snapped out like the crack of a whip. Doure paused for a moment and looked around. The sky was unusually clear and the sea calm. There was no wind save that caused by the onward movement of the yacht. The heat was oppressive, and the sun's rays seemed to blister the paint on the woodwork. Suddenly the chief officer who had been sweeping the horizon with his binoculars uttered a low exclamation and called to the captain. Together they gazed to the north and the faces of both of them showed concern. Doure joined them and gazed in the direction the glasses were pointed. A small black spot rested on the horizon, just at the junction of sea and sky.

"What is it captain?" he queried, puzzled by the strange actions of the officers.

The captain pointed to the little speck which was rapidly growing larger.

"That's the typhoon, Mr. Doure, and its coming fast. You had better go below and warn the passengers to hold tight to their chairs for when it hits us, the yacht will be practically standing on her head."

"Very well, captain," said Doure, and he went below.

The officers and sailors gazed fascinated at the dark speck, which was a speck no longer, but a sombre mass that was sweeping across the northern portion of the sky with startling rapidity, resembling a great grey-black curtain which was being swiftly unrolled across

the clear, blue vault. On and on it silently swept, blotting out the brilliant sun and bringing with it an awesome twilight. The sea took on a smooth, menacing slate color, and seemed to writhe like a giant in bonds, testing his muscles for the final struggle. The yacht's head was pointed in the direction whence the typhoon was coming. Hatches were battened down and companionway doors were braced and locked. The engines were slowed down, and the sailors remained at their posts. A solemn silence seemed to pervade all, as though awed by the approach of one of Nature's great convulsions. The yacht rose and fell on the long rollers with a subdued movement, seemingly appreciating the battle for supremacy that was soon to be waged. The hush pervaded the yacht, and all waited, tense and with nerves keyed to the highest pitch.

Suddenly the silence on deck was broken by the cry of a sailor;

"There she comes!" and those on deck remained spellbound with the awe-inspiring spectacle Far ahead, rushing on them with the speed of a locomotive, came a great wall of water, the crest of which was caught up and whirled and twisted and flung far ahead by the fierce fury of the typhoon at its back. The sea had been lifted up and carried along by the irresistible strength of the mighty air forces, and as it writhed and raced, the foaming crest seemed to touch the sombre sky spread overhead.

A puff of refreshing breeze struck the yacht, then a gust that shrieked through the rigging, followed by a

blast that ripped the tiny stormsail from its bolt-ropes, and screamed as it tore along.

The wall of water towered above the yacht for an instant and crashed down with ripping, grinding, rending force, engulfing the craft in a wild swirl of mountainous seas, which struck and leaped and tore and danced, flinging the vessel this way and that like a cork, the plaything of the mighty element. The peaceful sea was peaceful no longer, but appeared stripped of its sweetness and flaunting its savage passion, tearing and twisting at the yacht as though vainly endeavoring to rend it asunder. The shriek of the wind and the roar of the waves blended in a weird, unearthly melody, now rising, now falling, but ever fierce and savage.

The yacht's deck were swept clean, every vistage of boats, rails and stanchions being taken by the mighty element. The vessel pitched and plunged with a wildness that threatened destruction at every moment, and caused those on board to cling to supports to avoid being hurled against the staterooms and cabin walls. The wind seemed to increase, and the yacht was covered with a sheet of spray, picked up by the hurricane and swept along in steady streams which cut like bullets and which no human being could stand against.

In the cabin the faces of the seven passengers were ghastly in the faint light of the one remaining lamp; the others having been put out by the vessel's wild pitching. Death seemed near. The turmoil of the storm came in a subdued roar, which was occasionally pierced by a scream from little Mrs. Allen, who clung frantically to her husband when the yacht would give

an unusually wild lurch, which would send them all flying from their stationary chairs, and necessitate a scramble to regain their seats, where a more secure grip was taken. Occasionally Mrs. Campbell would laugh hysterically, and beg her husband or Doure to "do something."

The feeling that death was near seemed to pervade the cabin. Doure shuddered at the thought of dying trapped in the cabin, but the voice of his wife repeating words of comfort, which he but indistinctly caught, seemed to restore his mental poise, and the fear of a few moments before was replaced by a calm that viewed the situation with hope.

As the hours went by the noise from without seemed to lesson perceptibly, and even the hysterical Mrs. Campbell noted the absence of the typhoon's roar, although the pitching of the vessel was terrific. A few moments later Captain Sley tumbled down the companionway, and clung to a table for support.

"The hurricane has passed and we are safe, although the yacht is pretty well battered up. But she's afloat," and his heavy voice boomed through the cabin with a welcome sound. "We passed directly through the center of that typhoon, which was the worst I've seen in my forty-odd years' experience at sea. You may all consider yourselves fortunate to be alive. The danger is all over now, but you must not come on deck until the sea goes down. Mr. Doure, if you will join me in the chart room we will discuss plans for the future." As Doure passed out with the skipper, clinging to tables and chairs and taking a few steps at a time owing to

the plunging and rolling of the yacht, Camille threw her arms around her sister.

"Oh, Annie, how wonderfully we have been preserved. And to think that we passed though the center of that terrific storm. It was indeed a demonstration. At one time when I was thrown across the cabin and lay against the wall, seemingly at the mercy of material law, I was yielding to the clutch of fear, when I heard your voice above all the noise, singing the communion hymn, and the sentence, ' 'Twas the truth that made us free,' restored me, and the mortal sense of terror vanished. 'Everlasting arms of Love' seemed enfolding me and I sat up, calm and hopeful, and claimed the ever presence of Truth over error; then the hurricane died down and we knew we were saved."

"Camille, dear, we have to prove how much of understanding of mind we have gained. It was a great revelation of the controlling power of Divine Love. Come now to my room and let us go over the lesson and render thanks. The steward is taking coffee to Mrs, Allen and Mrs. Campbell, who both seem quite prostrated."

Camille held her for a moment.

"Do you still have faith, Annie, that Esther is alive; that she has been saved?"

Mrs. Doure glanced at the angry sea which could be seen through the cabin port holes, now touched with the returning sunlight, her eyes soft with mother love, and express a sublime, unclouded faith.

" 'To those leaning on the sustaining Infinite, to-

day is big with blessings','' she quoted, and together the ladies made their way to their own stateroom.

When Doure returned from his conference with the captain, his wife greeted him in her usual affectionate manner. She was pale from the experience of the last few hours, but was calm, and eyed him questioningly.

''The vessel is a wreck above decks,'' said Doure, ''and Captain Sley believes that we have been blown far to the south, and it may take several days to work back to our former position, even if the yacht is able to proceed. This ends our last hope of finding Esther, for even though she had miraculously escaped on some wreckage or boat, no human being could have survived such a tempest unless on board a staunch ship.''

''God controls the storm as he controls the rest of the elements,'' Mrs. Doure returned. ''No harm can befall those who love and trust and seek the protection of Divine Love. We were protected during this awful storm, otherwise possibly no one on board would be alive now. To those who claim help, nothing but good can come, so this hurricane may have been a blessing in disguise.''

''Would that I had your wonderful religion,'' said Doure, glancing thoughtfully from his wife to Camille, who appeared at the door of her stateroom. ''Come here Camille and sit down. I am almost convinced that neither one of you know what fear is, for I do not believe that you were afraid even when the typhoon was at its height, although we were in the shadow of death.''

''You are wrong, brother Herbert, for I at least felt

the error of fear at first, but succeeded in denying the lie of evil as power and realizing the Truth as All; in knowing that we were divinely protected, and trusting to the Omnipotent power of Infinite Love to save us."

Before Doure had an opportunity to reply, Captain Sley appeared with an annoyed expression.

"Something gave way in the engine-room," he said, addressing Doure and bowing, with his fine politeness, to the ladies. "It may require several days to make repairs; in fact, it may be necessary to beach the yacht to get at the real cause of the trouble. But don't be alarmed, for we have plenty of spare spars on board and this little craft sails almost as well as she steams. But it will be necessary to make some land as soon as possible, and as nearly as I can calculate our position without taking a sight, I figure we must be within three hundred miles of the Ladrones group, so I am going to sail for these islands in order to find a quiet harbor in which to make the necessary repairs to enable us to steam back to Hong-Kong. It is necessary to find the exact damage suffered by the engines while tossed by the typhoon. But this will not delay us more than a week or ten days, so be contented as possible."

When the captain had left, Doure looked at his wife and Camille, as if to remark that the object of their voyage was futile, and that destiny was against their efforts; but Mrs. Doure forestalled this disappointed view by remarking: "God, Good, is leading us, Herbert, and is directing every movement. Happiness is never the sport of circumstances; so, 'let Spirit have the control and we shall behold its Power.'"

The Power of Truth.

CHAPTER IX.

MERRY childish voices awakened Bentley from his dreamless slumber in the pretty little thatched hut, and he lay drowsily drinking in the sweet odors from the jungle and listening to the peals of laughter that arose from a group of brown-skinned urchins that ran and whirled in a game of tag. The hut was devoid of sides, and Bentley lay enjoying the spectacle. From behind a palm tree raced Esther, her golden hair flying and her cheeks pink with the excitement of the play and exercise. She was one of the merriest of the group, and when the game was over the native children clustered around her in friendly attitudes. They were merely children, although one was white and the others were dark. The scene pleased Bentley. Esther had impressed him as such a quaint little person that to see her frolicking with others of her own age came as a welcome surprise. His thoughts were clear and the forebodings of the night before had left him. It was all so peaceful and quiet and seemed to exhale a sense of rest. He left the hut and went up the beach to a small cove, where he stripped and plunged into the limpid water. It was exhilarating and refreshing, and when Bentley returned to the hut he found Esther seated within a circle of her little brown friends, arranging an enormous bouquet of the wondrous wild flowers found only in the tropics.

"Aren't they pretty, Uncle Tom?" she called, holding up an armful of the orchids, and laying them about the spot where the old native woman had set the fruit and fish which formed their breakfast.

"I had a jolly time. Why, these natives are lovely," she continued, smiling at the children who had withdrawn a short distance at Bentley's approach.

"It's not the children that I am afraid of," answered Bentley, glancing apprehensively at a number of natives who had silently approached and were eyeing the white man and child closely.

"I suppose they will be blaming us for the death of their king, if they don't sacrifice us beforehand as an offering to their heathen gods with the hope of prolonging the old fellow's life."

Esther was thoughtful for a few moments, silently eating the fruits. She glanced fearlessly at the dark faces of the natives who stood near.

"Maybe I could help the chief, Uncle Tom; that is, if he would be willing that I should try. I feel that I might be a channel for Truth to drive out the error that holds him. Won't you see if I may be permitted to try?" Bentley looked at her with almost awe. How could she, a little child, heal a rough savage, sick unto death. Yet her faith had thus far been justified by the results. Her belief in their rescue had never wavered, and here they were safe ashore, although in the midst of seeming dangers. But how could she demonstrate over disease? If she could, then their future was assured; they would be given every care and at-

tention; and ultimately would be able to get back to civilization. If she failed; well—immediate death would probably be the result. As it was they might not be molested for several days, and who knows what might turn up in the meantime? These thoughts and many more chased each other swiftly through Bentley's brain. Never before had he felt such indecision. He had been used to think and act quickly, but for once he was at a loss what to do. Esther seemed unconscious of his mental struggle. She had opened her Science and Health and together with her Bible and quarterly, was calmly studying the lesson. In the midst of his mental conflict several warriors approached, gazed intently for a few seconds, and then beckoned Bentley and the child to follow.

"Well, Esther, it seems that the matter of your interview with the old king is taken out of my hands, for if I surmise correctly we are on our way to his hut now. But no one can foretell what the result of our summons will be. The prospect is not enticing."

"Just think Love. Hatred has no place, no power," answered Esther, putting her hand in his and tripping alongside of him through the pretty lanes of flowers and vines that encircled the trunks of the trees.

"If I have sufficient understanding to declare the Truth for the sick king, then I can be the channel for Mind to flow through me with healing for him," she continued.

Bentley was dubious, but a glance at her peaceful face was comforting.

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THE TRANSFORMATION.

As they neared the village, the cries and lamentations of the women and children, combined with the deeper voices of the men and the noisy incantations of the priests, struck with a jarring note. They passed by a crowd of natives who were indulging in wierd ceremonies in honor of their dying chief, and who eyed the alien visitors with suspicion; through rows of thatched huts to the center of the village, where the king's "palace" stood. It was a picturesque structure, with its grass roof and skull-adorned doorway, flanked on either side with knives and spears captured in many island wars. Scores of natives were gathered around the hut, and while walking through the lines of savage-looking men, all armed with their rude weapons, Bentley half expected to be struck down, but Esther manifested no fear, sedately walking along.

They were conducted through the doorway, beneath the barbaric decorations, past a matting screen, and were ushered into a large room in the center of which, on a goat-skin covered couch, lay a giant savage. Members of his household, and the most noted warriors were grouped about him; while at one side the priests chanted their frenzied incantations, beating on tom-toms and shaking rattles, and creating an unearthly clamor. The old chief lay gasping in fevered agony. His great form, covered with native cloth, showed to grand proportions, although wasted with illness. The cheeks were hollow, the black hair matted, but the sunken eyes burned with a strange brilliancy. He was fighting with Death, and his indomitable will struggled against the

conquering foe. The great form indicated herculean strength, and the bronzed face, despite its traces of savagery, and marks of war and illness, was attractive and Bentley felt unconsciously drawn to the sick man as though by some unseen tie of brotherly kindness.

Esther released Bentley's hand and stepped gently to the side of the sick savage; laying a small white hand on the fevered brow. The natives in the hut started menacingly, but the touch was soothing and something in the fearlessness and confidence of the child made the old chief turn a softened look on her. With a wondering manner he touched the golden hair and soft white cheeks, evidently half believing that a spirit from the Better World had come to take him to join his fathers.

In an instant Bentley felt a wondrous calm replacing his troubled dream; his consciousness awoke to the fact that God, Spirit, is All. The feeling that the supreme power of Good would continue its Divine protection came to him with renewed force. He seemed in the instant to feel the stimulus of Divine Mind; to grasp what the child had read and told him of the false evidence of the senses and the harmony of being, and the realization that the old chief was gripped by a false belief; that he was the helpless victim of destroying error came to him in an enlightening flash. He knew that Spirit, not matter, governs man, and also that Esther had understanding to meet the foe fearlessly, and thus be the channel for Divine Love to prove its Omnipotence over every physical action and condition.

Bentley stepped forward and raised his hand for silence. At a nod from the chief the priests ceased their incantations; the tom-toms were silent, and the sounds of wailing were stilled. Partly by native words and partly by signs, Bentley explained that the child was also a great healer, and that she could make the chief well; could drive out the sickness and restore the old monarch to health through Mind-Science; and as he spoke the conviction came to Bentley that it was so; that there was no defeat in mind; that Truth and Harmony destroy error and discord; a realization of this metaphysical fact which had hitherto been little more than chaos to him. The savage faces that surrounded him seemed to fade, and dangers and fears appeared to drop away into their native nothingness in the glorious light of Truth triumphant; a sweet feeling of peace and thankfulness replaced the former turmoil of material sense; and when Esther knelt by the side of the suffering man, Bentley reverently joined her and listened with a new appreciation to the words she read from Science and Health.

Later Esther closed her book and silently declared "Supremacy of Truth over error; Life over death and Good over evil." Scientifically and to the best of her ability she argued that disease is a mortal dream of the material senses which Love will break and thus reconstruct the body; she realized for him that the fear which controlled him would be destroyed by Mind, which is All; that Mind reaches every part of the human system; that Health and Harmony is the Truth of

Being, and sin, disease and death must vanish in that Light; that the economy of being must yield to this supremacy. The minutes passed by, with only the breathing of the sick man and the occasional nervous movement of one of the natives to break the awed silence. Esther continued her silent work and finally the healing power of Truth dispelled ignorance and disease with the removal of the false sense of illness and death; Love was reflected and the body responded harmoniously; inflammation abated, peace shone through the old king's eyes; a gentle smile played about the grim lips, and a dew of perspiration cooled the heated brow. With a look of tenderest gratitude at the little messenger of Love, the sick man restfully closed his eyes in refreshing sleep.

Astonishment held all those in the hut silent. One thought governed every mind and swayed every breast —that the white-skinned man and child were spirits sent by the gods above to save their old chief, for all knew that the sleep meant the breaking of the fever.

Esther gazed at the sleeping man, and then glanced brightly around at the awed faces, and with a gesture for silence, passed out through the wondering crowds, and the savage heads bowed in mute tribute to the little white girl, whom they regarded as a spirit of Good, and who had proved herself more powerful than their greatest priest.

Esther's face glowed with happiness as they went joyously back to their little hut, through the flower-crowned jungle.

"Uncle Tom, isn't it lovely! Wasn't it a beautiful demonstration of the Omnipotence, Omnipresence and Omniscience of Love?"

"Yes, Esther, it was a glorious proof of the dominion of Mind. I am beginning to understand that 'man is spiritual, not material,' and to know that we are the expression of Life, Truth, and Love."

Nearing the Goal.

CHAPTER X.

"THAT smoke you see on the horizon," said Captain Sley, indicating a patch of black far ahead, "is from a volcano on the island of either Pagan or Uraccas, in the Ladrones group, and if this wind holds out we will be there by three or four o'clock this afternoon."

The star of the East was gliding over the smooth water with a fair wind, and reeling off the knots in a manner that delighted the heart of the old captain, and proved his assertion that the yacht could sail almost as well as she could steam. The smoke had been sighted at sunrise, and the passengers were all eager for news of the land they were about to see. They were gathered about the skipper on the upper deck, which had been repaired as well as possible, and save for the broken davits and wrecked rail gave no evidence that the yacht had passed through the center of a typhoon three days before.

"It seems so good to be nearing land again," said Mrs. Allen. "Do tell us something about these islands, captain. Are they inhabited?"

"Well, the Ladrones consist of a group of islands with the most northerly one lying about 20 degrees north, or to make it more intelligible to you, about a thousand or twelve hundred miles from the equator.

They were discovered by some of the early Spanish navigators, who named them 'Islas de los Ladrones.' Only the southern half of the group are inhabited. The northern islands are wild, desolate jungle, with active volcanoes. It is said that some of the natives—I believe they are part of the Tagals from the Philippines who were driven from their own islands—took refuge in one of the northern Ladrones, and live there in the dense jungles; fierce, and independent, and are reputed to be cannibals. The islands are owned by Spain, and on the southernmost there is a little Spanish settlement, but that is some five hundred miles to the south of Uraccas, which, I am sure, is the volcano you see ahead. I remember touching at this island many years ago when I was trading among the South Sea Islands and along the China coast, and I don't suppose there have been any changes since.

"The difference between the southern and the northern half of this group of islands is that in the north they are high and wooded, while in the south the islands are low and sandy, surrounded by coral reefs that make navigation difficult; but you will soon be able to see for yourselves," and the skipper re-entered his cabin.

Under the big green awning on the upper deck the passengers lounged with their accustomed cheerfulness, the ladies engaging in their various occupations. Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Campbell, no longer victims of nerves and fears, but feeling the glad spell of enjoyment which the revivifying tonic of the sea brings with exhilarating effect, were among the merriest. Camille, in a pret-

ty pale blue gown of delicate lawn, was starting upon a new canvas, a study of sky and water, but of different color and conditions.

Mrs. Doure came from the cabin where she had been playing the piano, and sitting with the group at the table, opened her work basket and began embroidering.

"This motion of sailing seems so easy and quiet after the throbbing of the propeller," she remarked. "I will really be glad if the engines are not repaired."

"I wonder what adventures will befall us next," laughed little Mrs. Allen.

"If we ever get back to Hong Kong, we will be able to rival the adventures of some of the old explorers," chimed in Mrs. Campbell, surveying her lace work with admiration.

Camille looked up from her painting, and said: "We will return to Hong Kong in safety, and will carry with us beautiful memories of this voyage. You will see how lovely everything will turn out."

"Well, in that case," returned Mrs. Allen, "I shall turn my attention seriously to Christian Science. Really, up to this time I have been so happy and have had such a good time all my life, that I have not felt the need of anything that my husband could not get for me. But it is just wonderful to see how quiet you two were during that awful typhoon. Oh, it was so dreadful!"

"Love watches over all," responded Mrs. Doure, rising and joining her husband who was strolling along the deck. He was rather moody and turned a troubled face to his wife.

"Annie, dear, the troubles of the last few weeks have made me feel years older. I used to be jollier, and more hopeful, entering into business enterprises with keen zest, thinking all the while how pleasant it was for you and Esther to have everything you wanted, and how this Chinese deal would make us independently wealthy. But like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky, came this succession of calamities, and the future looks dark to me."

"The mortal and material are unstable, Herbert, and to build that way is to build on the shifting sands."

"Yes, I have come to realize that fact. The swift, sharp blow of Esther's loss on the Merving Hall; then the tangle in the railroad concession, our undertaking to seek Esther upon this great ocean—as practical as pursuing the ignis fatuus—and as a rebuke to our foolish presumption, the narrow escape from death of ourselves and friends in the typhoon has stirred the foundation of my nature, and I am beginning to look upon life from a more serious and higher plane."

Mrs. Doure leaned more closely upon her husband's arm as she answered: "The depths have to be stirred for the cleansing. 'It is always darkest before dawn.' Your sorrowful forebodings will turn thought into the right direction, and these dark beliefs will vanish into their native nothingness. Love is troubling the material waters of illusion, and when Truth destroys unreal discord, then you will find that all is everlasting harmony and these sad visions will vanish."

"So you yet have faith! Do you still believe that we will find Esther?"

"Infinite Mind is the only power. The demonstration will be that of Perpetual Love."

As they turned and walked back toward the others, Doure spoke in a softer tone.

"Annie, it has come to me that perhaps Dr. Wellingford is helping clear away the difficulties surrounding the railroad concession, for this morning it suddenly occurred to me where the misunderstanding lay, and how it could be settled satisfactorily."

As they passed along the deck they could see the enjoyment of their friends over a game of cards. Camille sat before her small easel, working intently on her sketch, her brush moving rapidly, and a beautiful conception of a picture was laid on with masterly strokes. The study represented a pretty tropical island, nestling in a sapphire sea, with a clear blue sky overhead, while palms and flowers adorned the shore. They paused, watching Camille as she filled in the details of the scene, and hearing a step, turned to find Captain Sley standing beside them, gazing at the painting.

"That's splendid, Miss Camille," he said, "and shortly after noon you will see an island that resembles your painting very much. We are headed for Uraccas, one of the Ladrones, as I have already told you. With the glasses you can already see the rugged peak. Would you like to look," and the captain handed Camille his binoculars.

They were passed around, and others were secured,

and the morning hours passed in watching the island grow from a speck to a green reality. It was a small island, and the volcano which crowned it sent forth a thin column of smoke which was wafted far out over the sea before being lost in the mists of the violet distance of the upper air. Waving palms and deep green thickets sloped down to the water's edge, and a line of white marked the beach. The yacht glided nearer and nearer. The lighter sails were taken in as the captain wished to select a safe anchorage and avoid piling up on some uncharted reef. A pretty little inlet was spied by the man on the lookout, and the yacht's head was pointed for the place. Gradually she crept closer, while the lead was kept going to give warning of shoal water. The inlet formed a sheltered bay, and as the yacht's head swung around the point, all on board expressed their delight at the beauty of the scene. The water was clear as crystal and smooth as a millpond; flowers and vines trailed in the glassy surface, while far above towered the volcano's crest.

Throngs of natives lined the beach, and dark faces peered ominously at the travelers on the little white yacht.

Transformation Island.

CHAPTER XI.

IT WAS afternoon on the island; a drowsy hum of insects and a subdued twitter of bird life, pierced occasionally by the scream of a parrot, lent a dreamy tone to the soft, warm air; spicy breaths and fragrant odors were exhaled from the jungle in delicious wafts of sweetness, while the warm sunlight touched the brilliant flowers with dazzling lustre, strengthening a highlight here, softening a flaming color there, and blending the whole shimmering scene into a picture of warm, exquisite beauty. The subdued murmur of the surf on the near-by beach added to the sense of rest and beauty, and dreamy peace.

Esther and Bentley sat under the pleasant shadows of the tall palms in front of their little hut, which now presented a quaint appearance, with odd, savage decorations adorning the front and sides. The gratitude of the old chief over his wonderful restoration to health had been expressed every way his mind could devise; a reverent humility characterizing his manner toward them; his rude, savage nature, ignorant and narrowed, dimly and devoutly felt that the sky had opened and sent down upon the sea these white spirits, for spirits they were in his eyes, who were good and who brought him health and happiness; for he had never felt so capable and so kind. He could not grasp the fact that

in Truth he was the image and likeness of the Only Cause, the One Mind, nor could Esther explain herself in his tongue; but he felt Love permeating his being and casting out all disease and pain, and the result was peace and health. His physical strength was returning slowly, but the mental content was beyond any feeling he had ever known, something strangely quiet and happy. The morning after his restoration to health he had sought out the man and child, walking feebly and with still weakened steps, anxious to see again the white beings who had snatched him back from the brink of the great hereafter. Behind him came natives bearing the finest mats woven by the women of his tribe; strings of shells, coral, rare pearls, the choicest fruits and dainty fish, while children carried garlands of flowers. All the treasures of the island were laid at the feet of the strangers, including many savage relics of wars.

Esther laughed in delight while surveying the gifts, and taking the old king's hand, looked smilingly into his face, as she motioned him to sit down beside them. He gravely squatted on the grass, and signified to his followers to return to the village.

To make the king welcome, Bentley drew his meerschaum pipe from its case, saying to Esther: "I have lost all desire for it—another little demonstration, or I might say, a big one, for tobacco to me has been a companion for a great many years."

Filling the pipe, he lighted it, and handed it to the chief, together with the tobacco pouch in which a small quantity still remained.

"It beats your island tobacco and your cane pipe," he smilingly remarked, and though the dusky king was ignorant of the words, he understood the actions and was soon puffing contentedly, pausing now and again to admire his new possession, and .beaming on the strange visitors who had opened a new world to him.

"The chief has been healed of sickness while I have been healed of sin," he finally said. "Savage and civilized, we both feel that we are children of the ever-living 'Father-Mother-God,' who is ever-present Love, casting out our disease and false beliefs. Esther, child, I feel like naming this place Transformation Island, for the transforming power of Mind has freed this aged savage, and myself, a representative of modern civilization, from our different errors. He cannot read this precious book and gain the scientific thought and spiritual unfolding; but I desire to do my part and learn of my birthright as revealed in Science and Health. It is sublime to awake from this earthly dream and know that man is spiritual and not material."

"But you see, Uncle Tom, you had to have proof that Infinite Truth was ever present; that harmony was real; that discord, sin and sickness are error beliefs. Now, when we get home, you can tell others what our dear leader has done for you—you were blind, but now you see. I'm glad you don't want to smoke any more."

"No resolution on my part could have freed me from that habit; however, the desire to use tobacco has left me. But now we must consider the problem of getting off this island. Do you expect Love to open a

way for us? Is that the demonstration you are working on now? I feel so grateful to God that I merely want to be an obedient child and let Love lead the way. And, Esther, I am just beginning to realize the debt of gratitude humanity owes to Mrs. Eddy. She is indeed God's Prophet to this age. What's the excitement, I wonder?''

Some of the savages came running, and hastily reported to the old chief, whose face expressed surprise, He took the pipe, now smoked out, from his lips, and replacing it in its case, slipped it in his loin cloth and spoke some words to Bentley and Esther, which were meaningless to them, but his manner seemed excited, and he hurried after the warriors who had summoned him, and who had returned toward the beach on a run.

''What do you think is the matter, Uncle Tom?''

''Hard to say. Something of little importance to us, though; possibly some natives from one of the adjoining islands are hovering in the distance, threatening an attack; or some fishermen may have caught a shark. But we might follow and see how they manage their barbarous affairs.''

Clinging to Bentley's hand and talking cheerfully as she skipped along, Esther accompanied him to the pretty cove, which was screened from their view by the heavy foliage.

''It is evidently an event of some importance,'' Bentley remarked, as he watched the natives hurrying through the jungle from all directions, manifestly excited by what they had heard. As they neared the cove

they beheld the old king, forgetful of recent weakness, and manifesting force and fire, issuing orders to his warriors, who were hastily manning many canoes, as though about to engage some hostile tribe.

Esther, impelled by some sudden, uncontrollable impulse, let go of Bentley's hand and pushed through the crowd of savages till she reached the side of the old chief. From an unobstructed view, she looked out over the pretty cove, where, upon the blue, sparkling water a white yacht, graceful and beautiful, lay peacefully at anchor, while eagerly clustered along the rail, watching the savages with an anxious look, were a number of white people, both men and women. Esther gave one scream.

"Mother, Father, Aunt Camille! Uncle Tom, Uncle Tom! The demonstration is made. God has brought them." As Bentley reached her side with a bound, and in intense bewilderment, she threw herself into his arms, weeping for joy and ecstatic emotion.

Lifting her in his arms, he, too, gazed at the spectacle of the strong, fine yacht—of his own people crowding her deck—and a strange reverence surged through his being, and closing his eyes his soul murmured: "Father, I thank thee. Thy strength is made perfect in mortal weakness."

"Esther!" burst from Mrs. Doure's lips in a cry that carried clear and sweet over the short distance, "we have found you," and she threw her arms around her husband's neck and lay sobbing on his breast.

"Esther! Tommy! both of you," came a cry from

Camille, and she clung, trembling, to a stanchion for support.

Doure gazed at the man and the child on the beach as though unable to believe his own vision and to comprehend that it was his little daughter and his friend restored to life; it seemed too wild and impossible; it was evidently a mistake or a hallucination. But his wife, now recovered from the first great shock, was waving frantically at the small figure, who was dancing up and down on the sand, and throwing kisses with both hands, and calling words of dearest greeting.

Doure heard his wife murmuring: "Divine Love has indeed watched over our darling and has restored her to us safely. Oh, Herbert, what a demonstration of the mighty protection of Infinite Good! Oh, Father, Mother, God, how grateful I am!" And she looked from her little daughter to the blue sky above, while tears of joy and happiness streamed down her cheeks.

After her first outburst of joy, Esther skipped and danced on the sand, and clasping the chief's hand, pointed to the yacht and then to herself, and the old native saw and understood, and called his warriors back from a possible attack on the strange craft that had thus invaded his harbor. He felt that as the white spirits had been sent to heal him, thus they would be taken away.

Bentley was the prey of indescribable emotions. Camille was before him; nothing else in his chaotic condition, for the moment, mattered. Divine Love had not only rescued him from the deep, but had brought to

his aid the woman he loved, and whom he loved now with a higher, nobler, and purer feeling than in the days before his regeneration. How long it seemed! It was awe-inspiring, and Bentley bowed his head in profound reverence, and gave silent thanks to the Divine Power that had never failed nor forsaken them, and which had brought about such wonders.

Explaining his desires to the chief by motions, with Esther, he stepped into one of the canoes and shot out to the yacht, where, in an instant, the child was in her mother's arms, with the father bending over both, and the friends and crew manifesting wonder and delight.

Bronzed and worn by the marvelous experiences through which he had passed, with marks of care and shipwreck on face and clothing, yet with a look of noble manhood in his face that was hitherto foreign to his reckless nature, Bentley stood eagerly before Camille. It was the same old commanding and fascinating Bentley, but a new force had been added; the dross had been burned away in the fires of adversity, and Mind now dominated, adding strength and a certain beauty to his features. It was the Bentley of old, but reborn into a spiritual life, the mortal yielding to the immortal.

"Camille, dear, from the gates of death I am permitted to come back to you; but I have come back a better and truer man than the one you knew. Your heart realizes this, and opens to me. Our lives can now blend and blossom with Heaven's approval."

"Tom, the anguish has been terrible. I mourned you

as dead! Who could have dreamed of this blessed result," and she buried her face on his breast and wept softly in that haven of her choice. Bentley gazed tenderly down at the golden head and reverently pressed his lips to the white forehead as he answered: "My beloved, the purifying process of danger and tribulation, together with the teachings of Esther and the reading of Science and Health through our strange experiences, has made a new man of me, dear, and the old errors that held me have vanished into their native nothingness. The 'old man' has been cast off; the 'new man' brings his love, the nobler purposes of his life, to your heart, and I feel that you do not fear to join your life with mine now.'"

"God has re-united us, Tom! Oh, how blessed! And to think that you had Esther! What a manifestation of Love!"

"Yes, sweetheart, she has been my guardian angel. At first she was so like you in look and manner that it caused many a pang; then she gradually won me by her devotion to Truth and thus unfolded the Science of Life to my darkened understanding."

This blissful communion was interrupted by a hand on Camille's shoulder and the gay voice of the vivacious little Mrs. Allen saying: "Mrs. Doure, these happy lovers are in their own paradise, oblivious to the rest of us excited ones. We all want to talk and question and welcome. Make them remember us."

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Campbell, as she and her husband stepped closer to the happy group, "I am bewildered with joy."

Captain Sley's voice broke in with: "Let me have a part in the welcome! This is the most remarkable rescue I have known of during my experience at sea, although it is simple enough when you come to study it out. But let me shake the hand of this gentleman, and also of this brave little girl, who goes through the peril of shipwreck, typhoon and cannibal island without a trace of fright or illness," and the rugged seafaring man gazed with wonder at the little golden-haired child who smiled happily at him from her mother's arms.

"Divine Love was taking care of us all the time," she told the captain in her pretty, ladylike way, "and I denied error and knew that Truth would bring me back to papa and mama, and Aunt Camille; and then I had to help Uncle Tom to learn."

"Yes," said Bentley, "Esther was not only my comrade, but my teacher and guide."

Captain Sley regarded her gravely.

"What sublime faith! I did not know children could grasp it. But that same power in which you have been taught to trust must have managed for us on this yacht as well as for you, for we, too, had a narrow escape from death during the typhoon. And it was that same typhoon that brought us all together," he continued, "Of course you know a typhoon is a circular storm. I heard Mr. Bentley say the native canoe had been blown far off shore, while his raft had been swept to the south. This is explained by the fact that the canoe caught one side of the typhoon, while the other side caught the raft,

sweeping the canoe off shore and swinging the raft toward the island, and bringing them together at the point where the circling currents converged. We remained practically stationary because we passed through the center of the storm.

"Mrs. Doure," continued the old captain, "I am ready to acknowledge after this astounding revelation that Christian Science is the religion I want; and after we return to Hong Kong, if you will lend me a book I would like to study it under your instruction. I want to reach out into Principle."

"And I, and I," exclaimed Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Campbell, who had been listening intently to Captain Sley's words; while their husbands gravely bowed.

The close approach of an enormous canoe diverted the attention of all on board.

"That is our good friend, the chief of this island," said Bentley, "and he has come with his canoe to bring you all ashore. Later on I will tell you what Esther did for him as well as me."

"If you can vouch for our safety on a cannibal island, we would like to get ashore for a while at least," said Doure, "as the appearance of this island is most enchanting."

"Don't be afraid, father dear," said Esther, "the chief will do anything he can for us. He has a kind heart," and she waved and smiled at the old savage who was looking up at the wonderful sight of the throng of white people on the shapely vessel, and he gravely returned her salute.

"Oh, do let us go," said Mrs. Doure. "Esther and Tom stayed with the natives and they were not harmed. By all means let us go."

Bentley looked at them all with a happy smile, and said: "Since we are now saved from this lonely island, I can better appreciate its scenic loveliness, but it required all of Esther's trust in the power of Mind to sweep away the troubled dreams."

"Yes, Uncle Tom," said Esther brightly, "but you were comforted and hopeful when I read out loud to you these sentences from Science and Health: 'The understanding, even in a degree, of divine All-power, destroys fears and plants the feet in the true path' and 'Love inspires, illumines and designates the way.' We had to wait for this demonstration. Let us go now and we will show you where Uncle Tom and I have lived on the island."

The ladies were carefully assisted into the canoes, the men following; Tom and Camille, impervious to teazing, side by side. The dusky savages quickly paddled from the yacht to the land, where all the village was assembled to look upon more wonders taking place on their lonely shore and all followed as Esther led the way to their decorated hut.

The big chief stalked solemnly along by Captain Sley, much to that gentleman's amusement; and his jolly red face was wrinkled with delight.

"You see, friends, the chief is a gentleman of discernment. He has apparently reasoned out that he and I are the commanders of the party. I presume it is be-

cause I am nearer his size than any of the rest of you."

"I am glad he did not select me," giggled Mrs. Allen, "for he probably would not recognize a snub."

"How can you laugh?" and turning around they saw Mrs. Campbell with a rather woebegone face. "I expect to be stewed and chewed every minute. Just look at all this dark crowd following us."

Camille, who was walking with Bentley, immediately behind her, spoke gently and soothingly.

"Why, dearie, do not allow nervousness to cloud this wonderful occasion. There is nothing to be afraid of; these lonely people are filled with joy at this change in the monotony of their desolate lives."

Mrs. Campbell made a wry face.

"Since Mr. Bentley and Esther have lived to tell the story of their escape," she said, "I should think they would prefer to remain upon the yacht where one has at least a chance to die a respectable death. I recall dreadful details of how missionaries were killed and eaten; it was probably on this very spot by these very people!"

Tom laughed loud and cheerily, and then said: "Those gruesome tales belong to all the other horrors of long ago. These people are simple and kindly, and since you have a share in our rescue we want to show you how we passed our time here."

"I wonder you're not white-headed," said Mr. Campbell. " I should have waded out into the sea and ended my misery. Like my wife, I have no fancy for these murderous savages."

Camille raised her eyes to look fondly into Tom's bronzed face as she softly said: "Mr. and Mrs. Campbell do not realize that 'Perfect Love casteth out fear.'"

Tom reached for her hand and drew it through his arm as he replied in low, tender tones: "No, my darling, they are dwelling in the dark, material dream. To get my freedom from that bondage of the physical senses I passed through great mental tribulation; now I have named this small remote land, encircled by the blue caressing tropical sea, 'Transformation Island,' for here I awakened to the transforming touch of Truth."

"I am so thankful, Tom, that I can see it with you. Now that salvation, mentally and physically, has come to you, we can hold these fair scenes in sacred memory."

"Uncle Tom! Aunt Camille! Please hurry and come into our house. You see how kind the chief was to give us so many things." The sweet face, so pure and innocent, and beaming with affection and gratitude, seemed like that of an angel, as it was framed by the dark bark of the hut and manifesting no shadow of the evil which might have been.

Herbert Doure, wrought to the highest pitch by the picture of her superhuman deliverance, gathered her into his arms, murmuring in a broken voice: "Oh, my child! my precious one! To think what a fearful fate might have been yours! You might have grown into old age, her among this savage tribe and we never have known!"

Esther kissed and fondled him as she said: "Daddy, dear, I knew that Divine Love would open the way. Uncle Tom was afraid at first, but now he has found that God is Omnipotent."

"Mrs. Doure's face was pale, but lovely, as she said in fervent tones: "Esther had understanding to utilize the might of Mind and demonstrate its power."

Bentley laid his hand on Doure's shoulder as he said in tones deep with feeling: "Mr. and Mrs. Doure and friends, let me briefly tell you how this little girl's understanding of Christian Science accomplished my salvation, and also that of the chief here. It is a powerful testimony as to the ever-presence of Truth. The natives had rescued us after they had been blown far to sea by the typhoon; we were then brought here and given this hut. I was in the grasp of black forebodings, but Esther was calm and happy, declaring that 'evil had no place nor power,' that 'Love was enthroned.' While she read in Science and Health, peaceful and content, I was secretly examining my revolver, feeling that it might be a swift means for our deliverance. We knew by the shrieks and wails and wierd sounds that floated through the still air that some great tragedy or calamity must be taking place in their village. My secret fears suggested a cannibal feast. Two warriors then approached and beckoned us to follow. It certainly looked grim."

"A good chance for your revolver," interrupted Mr. Campbell.

"No, friend. Esther had spiritual intuition that there

was trouble to be overcome and she insisted on going to relieve suffering. It was a scene to daunt the stoutest heart. Their village is just a short distance from here. The chief, here, was lying in his own house, in the last agony of some terrible fever, and pandemonium seemed to reign. The ceremonies for a dying king and warrior were being enacted. Dante could not have imagined a more furious and deafening racket. But at the approach of the 'white spirits,' as they have since designated us, quiet ensued. Then, friends, that rude hut, with the dying King and the savage occupants, was transformed into the temple of the Living God; peace, strength sweetness permeated every troubled heart; the Principle of Life, Love and Truth cast out false beliefs; each soul, in some vague way, realized that Divine Law, not material law, was the controlling power; one by one the people went out quietly to their own huts, calmed and comforted; the fever vanished before the searchlight of Infinite Love, and I knew that I was healed from material delusion as well as the king from seeming disease. Then, with this demonstration made, life was revealed as all-harmonious, as is ever the case when human minds yields to Divine Mind; and then you all came to take us home."

Silently they turned from that little place of God's annointing and retraced their way to the beach. As they entered the canoes, Captain Sley with a gentle gesture motioned the chief to accompany them.

Once more on the yacht the captain gave orders to bring boxes of canned meats and jars of preserves to be

placed in his canoe. Esther asked for some steamer chairs, rugs and cushions, to also be given; while Mr. Campbell and Mr. Allen robbed themselves of pipes and tobacco to lavish upon him.

The old warrior was paddled back to his own shore, and the chief engineer hurriedly approached Captain Sley.

"Sir," he said, "I found out what stopped the engines. The repairs were made while you were ashore, and we are now ready for sea."

"Good work, chief! It will be high tide before long, and in that case we can sail," answered Captain Sley, starting for the chart room. As he passed the window of Mrs. Doure's room, where she was happily putting tired little Esther to bed, in the luxury of soft white sheets, he heard her sweet voice saying: "My beloved child, we have had the proof of Divine Love, and as our leader says, 'there is but one real attraction, that of spirit; the pointing of the needle to the pole symbolizes this all-embracing power, or the attraction of God, Divine Mind.'"

Dreams Come True.

CHAPTER XII.

SLOWLY the tropical moon rose in a golden glory; the peaceful sea sparkled in its shining light; the engines throbbed with rhythmic force as they carried the white yacht, with its glad and grateful hearts, far out on its homeward way.

Each of the happy married couples walked together in the radiant air, planning already to resume their duties and enjoyments that had been laid aside for this seemingly impossible mission on which the yacht was bent, and each soul felt that it had touched the hem of His garment and been reborn by this supreme demonstration.

Tom and Camille revelled in the joy of their own true love and thrilled with the ardent, rosy dreams of the future.

"You will not be separated from your sister and Esther, Camille dear. Mr. Doure assured me of an interest in the syndicate; so we shall dwell for some years in Hong Kong."

"And we will be married by dear old Dr. Wellingford," Camille said with a charming blush.

And they left, forever, the outward vision of that lonely land which Tom's soul treasured in grateful memory, as the Island of the Transformation.

l'Envoi

"If a man keep my sayings he shall never see death."

—Jesus.

"That statement is not confined to spirital life, but includes all the phenomena of existence. Jesus demonstrated this, healing and dying and raising the dead."

—Mary Eddy Baker.

"Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind."

—Romans, 12:2.

Finis.

THE

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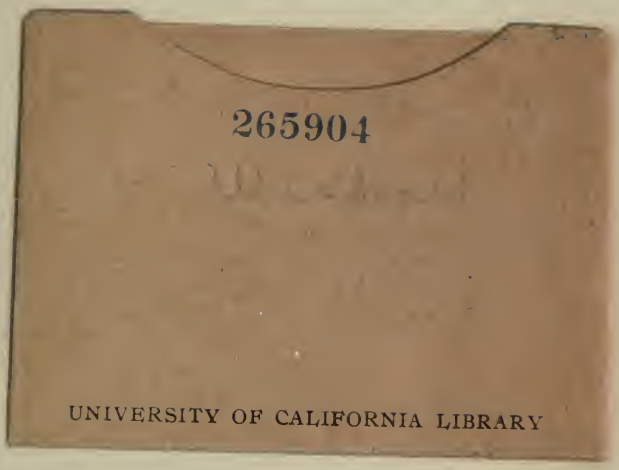
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